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REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS.

SUPERSTITION AND FOLLY!

The Buchanites from First to Last. By Joseph Train, author of the "History of the Isle of Man," &c. Pp. 259. Blackwoods.

HAVING historiographed Man (Mona) successfully, our author was in proper Train to do as much for Woman (Luckie Buchan); and we have accordingly been furnished with the curious volume now before us. Erasmus wrote in Praise of Folly so wisely that no fools of our day seem to have read the work; or if they have, it must have been with comprehensions commensurately intelligent to the date at which it was produced (1510: *vide* Mr. Macaulay, at Edinburgh, in commendation of superficial knowledge)—but no one has yet devoted his talents to eulogise Superstition, whose region is as wide, and realm as general, as Folly's; and whose excesses are greater than any other of its congenial, but lighter, associate and compeer. To Folly we seldom allow depths, though its spider-web and silken strings draw mankind into the utter abysses of misery; but notwithstanding their power and influence, there is an instability and uncertainty about them—they are obviously so flimsy and breakable, that you never can help thinking a mere shake, not an absolute effort, would release you from their bonds in a moment. But who can imagine any such recovery from the thrall of Superstition? Medical Quackery is a giant among men. It pretends to soothe all the ills, and cure all the diseases of life, and almost to promise immortality. But if Quackery be a Giant, Superstition is a Demigod. If Folly be a Pleasure, Superstition is a Rapture. O Brothers the Prophet! O Southcote the Mother of Shiloh! O Smith the Mormon! O Irving of the Unknown Tongues! can we consider you as deceivers? *Qui vult decipi? . . . decipiatur.* Not a bit. The imperial Power of Superstition enthroned herself in your hearts and heads; and from working her simplest problems you were led into the inmost avenue of her temple; and the maddest of the outside worshippers were nothing so mad as you in the scared enclosure,* and at the altar. And she offers none of the gratifications of Folly; she goes far beyond the worldly humbugs of Quackery. She is for now and for Eternity. If we believe,—what is earthly love to divine? what is wealth, which you cannot take with you, to that which begins when you are gone? what is a friend, and a bottle to give him, with choruses from Anacreon, Tom Moore, and Lover, to the self-perfectibility, where a friend would be superfluous, and a bottle gaseous? And if so supreme above Folly, how much more exalted above Quackery! Can the cold-water sitz compare with the fervid spiritual heat of Superstition? Can the infinitesimal globules of Homoeopathy produce effects like the smallest particles of credulous belief? Can Mesmerism itself, with all its clairvoyances, work such miracles as Faith in Hypocrisy and Lies? Truly no; and therefore let Superstition have the glorious golden circle of absolute monarchy assigned, and rule every race of mankind, as from the beginning, throughout all ages to come!

With this poem we go to the story of Luckie Buchan and her followers, often heard piecemeal, but well worth being thus put into a connected form, "to all an example, to no one a pattern." It is a striking instance of the utter credulity of mankind, to whom it is only requisite to propound something

so absurd as to have no pretence to intelligence and possibility, in order to have it eagerly accredited and adopted. But in all such designs it seems to be absolutely necessary that there should not be one ingredient reconcilable with common sense or probability; for if there be, that particle will spoil all the rest that has been thrown into the witches' cauldron. And thus set to work the leader of the Buchanites, a jolly-looking, or, as the Scotch call it, a sony dame, of the Muirland Meg morality, to whom, in her younger freshness and jovial prime, nothing in the shape of vice came amiss. Her course of preparation for proselytising, step by step, was worthy of her doctrines. The daughter of a hedge ale-and-whisky house, born about 1738, Elspath, for so was she named, ere she had completed her third year, "was sent into a strange family, whose circumstances were in such a hampered state, that her bedding consisted of a bag stuffed with straw laid down on the ground beside the fire at night, with an empty sack for a coverlet, which were removed in the morning, and stowed away till required again in the evening. During the day she was employed herding her master's cows. How long she remained at service does not appear, but if her own words may be relied on, she was not such a person as most people would wish to employ. 'I had no pleasure in working, and ever forgot the directions given me; so that I learned more by the eye than the ear.' She was, however, at length taken into the employment of a distant relation of her mother's, after whom she had been named Elspath, and was by her taught to sew and read. This young woman had been recently married to a West India planter, a native of Banffshire, and was about to proceed with her husband to his possessions in Jamaica. Young Elspath, for the purpose of accompanying them thither, proceeded with them to Greenock; but while waiting there for a vessel to take them to their final destination, she left her friends to associate with idle company, and appears then to have contracted those depraved habits which she afterwards inculcated respecting matrimony. According to a contemporary writer, she trepanned, at Ayr, a working potter named Robert Buchan, to be her husband; but if the union was legally solemnised, it does not appear in any of the registers of the parish of Ayr. Buchan, becoming ashamed of her licentious conduct at Ayr, removed with her to Banff, and there commenced a manufactory of earthenware on his own account; but that undertaking not succeeding to the extent of his wishes, he proceeded to Glasgow in search of employment, leaving his wife, with one son and two daughters, at Banff, 'to provide for themselves as they best could.' She afterwards joined him at Glasgow, and turned out as queer a helpmate as any decent man would wish to get rid of: and off she went on her divine mission. The first person of any note she seduced, or inveigled, was a minister of the Relief Congregation, Mr. White, who became her principal associate and accomplice. The populace ascribed her influence over him, and by degrees over others, to witchcraft; and she was barbarously enough handled till she fled from her earliest haunts. "For greater privacy, they subsequently met at night in the house of Mr. Hunter; but their meetings there being discovered also, and the indignation of the populace being roused by the reports circulated of their doctrines and manner of worship, the doors and windows were demolished, and Mrs. Buchan, endeavouring to escape from the fury of the mob by a back way, was intercepted. She was accompanied

by Mr. Gibson, a very strong man, who, when one of the rabble was about to lay violent hands on her, grasped her round the waist with his arms, and would not part with her till a drunken fellow cut one of his hands with a jockteleg. A general shout of joy was instantly raised for the capture of the witch-wife who had 'cast her glamour' over the minister. After dragging her through all the streets of the town, nearly in a state of nudity, many were for ducking her in the river, but the majority was for hounding her home to her husband, to the sound of an old tin kettle! and they actually trailed her to Stewarton, a village eight miles distant from Irvine, on the road to Glasgow. Andrew Innes says:—Mr. White and I, concealed by the darkness of the night, followed at a short distance all the way. We heard them anon insult her about her feigned attachment to Christ. They would raise her up as high as they could, calling aloud for her to fly now to heaven like Enoch or Elijah, at the same time letting her drop to the ground, exclaiming, 'She cannot fly yet, we must take her on a little further, and try her again!' When they came to a bridge at Stewarton, they took her to the ledge, for the purpose of throwing her into the river, and would have done so, had not one of the party opposed them, saying, 'She has done us no personal harm, therefore we will not kill her outright; let her husband do that if he pleases when he gets her home.' This timely interposition seemed to divert them from their intention of drowning her. As they dragged her into Stewarton, the noise which they made in the street caused the people to come running out, many with candles in their hands; the crowd soon became very great, and the night being very dark, they lost sight of her suddenly, nor could they find her again."

After this there was no lack of persecution and adventure; but her proselytes stuck to her; and they marched forth in a body to establish themselves in what they called the wilderness, viz. a wild and dreary Scotch *muir* locality remote from nearly every human habitation. She made them believe that she was the incomprehensible woman described in the Revelation of St. John, and that her adherents would be translated to heaven without tasting death; and when expelled from Irvine as a blasphemer, &c. by the magistrates, she set out, in May 1784, accompanied not only by White the minister, but by Hunter the town-clerk, a lawyer; Gibson, a man of substance; Robertson, a respectable tradesman—some of them with their wives and children—and others, descending in station, till a rather strange set of sturdy hussies and dubious male followers completed the rank and file of the party; and they, as is related by Andrew Innes, from whom the most curious portions of this information is obtained, departed, "each man with a staff in one hand and a small bundle in the other, each woman with her coats kilted, and a small bundle in a handkerchief tied round her waist. Mr. and Mrs. White seemed rather downcast, but Friend Mother was more cheerful than ordinary. She spoke to us individually, and quoted passages of Scripture with surpassing aptitude, to fortify our minds in that trying hour. She often repeated the 28th verse of the 16th chapter of Matthew, with great composure and dignity—'Verily I say unto you, there be some standing here which shall not taste of death till they see the Son of Man coming in his kingdom.' When the magistrates and constables appeared at the door, she proceeded with them, Mr. White accompanying her on one side, and Mr. Gibson on the other. The

* Erasmus. 'Sacred,' not 'scared' enclosure. Written in the plainest hand; and yet the printer would put the c before a.

women and children followed, the men bringing up the rear. The streets through which we passed were crowded to such an excess that the constables could scarcely open a passage. All those that came from Muthill were very ill used; the people made sport of pushing their staves between our legs so as to make us fall, and then pushed others over us, chiding us, at the same time, for ruining ourselves by following an old witch-wife who had evidently cast her cantrips over us. Just as the magistrates were about to return, a drunken sailor tore off the cap of our Friend Mother, and pulled her to the ground, and then ran past the magistrates, exclaiming, 'I have got a right handful of her hair,' and joined his companions without being interrupted or molested by the authorities.' Three months after the above events, we find Robert Burns writing to a relation in Montrose an account of the sect."

Any thing connecting Burns with these fanatics is interesting; and we read the annexed:

"Their tenets (he writes from Mossgeil) are a strange jumble of enthusiastic jargon. Among others, she pretends to give them the Holy Ghost by breathing on them, which she does with postures and practices that are scandalously indecent. They likewise dispose of all their effects, and hold a community of goods, and live nearly an idle life, carrying on a great farce of pretended devotion in barns and woods, where they lie and lodge all together, and hold likewise a community of women, as it is another of their tenets that they can commit no mortal sin. I am personally acquainted with most of them, and I can assure you the above mentioned are facts."

"It might be supposed that Burns merely repeated unwittingly those scandalous charges, invented by some enemy of the sect, were his statements not confirmed by their own writings.* In the *Divine Dictionary*, said to have been indited by holy inspiration, and published by Mr. White as containing the faith and practice of the Buchanites, we find these words:

"This world has vexed themselves in vain about our views of marriage; accordingly, to all denominations we make the following information: The same law that finished the carnal service at the altar, and bestial sacrifices, put an end to carnal marriages. It is devilish to think that merely refraining from woman and certain meats constitutes salvation. Where the Holy Spirit of God occupies all the person, and reigns throughout the flesh, it matters not much whether they marry or not. The people of this generation cannot be persuaded to embrace our faith and practice, and that because we are so unlike the world. Our dissimilitude to the world must be a convincing proof that we are right. To be like the world is to be like the devil, the father of unbelief."

"The early letters of Mother Buchan are subscribed Elspath Simpson, although it was not till after her ejection from Irvine that she was le-

* Mr. Innes assures me that Burns wrote also a long poem on the Buchanites, beginning—

'This wicked an' frae Glasgow came,
In April eighty-three;
And lodged her spawn among the sawn,
An' now her fry we see.'

Although I have made every search, I have only discovered a few verses of this poem; they relate merely to the ancient burgh of Irvine being the seat of presbytery for upwards of a hundred years, during which time several eminent ministers dispensed the gospel there, among whom were famous Warner and Mr. Night, in whose time Hugh White would not have dared to propagate his Buchanite doctrines. David Sellar, the friend of Burns, about this time employed his pen in writing the following epitaph on Luckie Buchan:

'Stop, stranger; here lies one interred,
Who was on earth by some revered
And superstitiously adored,
As the Great Saviour and Lord;
Till death, stern, cruel, unrelenting,
In murder steeled, for past repenting,
Sent off at once, his soul's no whitther
Her Godhead and her soul together.'

—See Poems by David Sellar, printed at Kilmarnock, 1789, p. 234."

gally divorced from her husband. In a letter addressed to the Rev. Gabriel Russell, Dundee, she writes thus: 'As for self-denial, my dear, it would not do with me to be self-denied, but even averse to self-denial.' This she affirmed was all in accordance with Scripture. In the *Innes MSS.* we find, p. 75, that 'the most legal union marriage could afford became null and void in the society, such being at variance with the rules; it being absolutely necessary for those who had wives to live as if they had none.'

"Several old people still remember seeing the Buchanites on this occasion. Mrs. Buchan, attired in a scarlet cloak, the discarded minister, and one or two of her higher dupes, were seated in a cart, while the remainder of the company followed on foot. These were, for the most part, 'clever chieftains, and bonny, spanking, rosy-cheeked lasses, many of them in their teens. They were generally dressed in the simple garb of peasant maids of the Lowlands of Scotland. Over their dark petticoats they wore short gowns, reaching from the chin half way down the thigh, and fitted close to the bosom. They were bareheaded, and their locks, permitted to grow unusually long, were restrained from falling in a fleece over the back and bosom by small buckling-combs."

These were just the kind of cattle to attract the roving attention of Burns; and we are not surprised to read, farther on, that one of the comeliest of them was Miss Jean Gardner; and our author remarks, that in his (Burns's) well-known epistle to David Sellar, he says:

"You have your Meg, your dearest part,
And I my darling Jean."

It has been hitherto generally supposed, that the female alluded to was Jean Armour, afterwards Mrs. Burns; but I have every reason to believe that it was Jean Gardner. Andrew Innes says, 'When I was sent back from Thornhill for Mr. Hunter, Jean Gardner came with me from Irvine to Closeburn, and when we were in the neighbourhood of Tarbolton, she seemed to be in fear, and rather in a discomposed condition; when I inquired the cause, she said it was lest Burns the poet should see her; for if he did, he would be sure to interrupt her, for they had long been on terms of intimacy; but we proceeded on our journey, without meeting with any obstruction.'

"Burns frequently visited her in the society, both at New Cample and at Auchengibbert. It is singular this heroine of Burns should have escaped the notice of all the biographers of the bard. She was certainly a young woman of very surpassing beauty, and is yet particularly remembered in the neighbourhood of Auchengibbert for her personal attractions. Many persons recollect of having heard her name mentioned, on account of her beauty, who never saw her."

But to return to the progress of these visionaries after they had set out on their expedition: it offers a remarkable picture for a serio-comic pencil. Allan Cunningham is quoted, to be controverted:

"Some were (he relates) in carts, some were on horseback, and not a few were on foot. Our Lady, so they called Mrs. Buchan, rode in front on a white pony, and often halted to lecture them on the loveliness of the land, and to cheer them with food from what she called the garden of mercy, and with drink from a large cup called the comforter."

"May 1784.—How different is the account of this journey, as recounted by Mr. Innes! 'When the magistrates and constables left us, a little way out of the town of Irvine, we halted on the road, and after consulting a short time as to what course we should take, we agreed to keep our faces as steadily as possible towards that part of the heavens where we supposed the Saviour of the world would appear at his second coming, agreeably to Matthew, chap. xxiv. which sayeth, 'As the lightning cometh out of the east, and shineth towards the west, so shall the coming of the Son of Man be.' We moved off very slowly along a bye-road towards the village of Mauchline, always accom-

panied by a crowd of spectators from the houses we passed on our journey, surprised to see so many well-dressed good-looking people travelling in such a manner. All vociferated their conviction of the truth of the common assertion, that the witch-wife from Glasgow had cast her cantrips over us all; and, as if afraid of being amitten in like manner by our presence, when any of us proceeded towards a house for the purpose of purchasing provisions, the people, in several instances, either fled from the house, or shut the door against us. But as we proceeded on our journey, the people, having previously heard less concerning us, were not so much alarmed. When we could get a few cakes to purchase at a farm-house, we sat down on the bank of the next stream or rivulet we came to. Our Friend Mother broke the cakes and gave each a piece, then one of the women followed with a tankard of water, and we handed it round. Thus, a piece of oat-cake, and a drink of cold water, was our common fare: we all shared alike, except Friend Mother; who, after she had divided the bread, lighted her pipe, and took a smoke of tobacco. Mr. White was always ready to compare our situation to some circumstance in the life of Christ or his apostles, and nothing was to be seen but contentment in every face, and thankfulness in every word, that we were thought worthy of being likened to them, without having in the beginning any desire about it. Mr. White also said frequently, when we met with difficulties on our journey, that we were now suffering from the flood of the Irish dragon's wrath, spewed out against the woman and her seed; but we had nothing to fear, for the earth would help the woman, and she would get free. Our number being forty-six (this number was subsequently considerably augmented, chiefly by persons from England), few public-houses could accommodate us; and, as we were not money spenders, they were careless about our company. We had great difficulty in procuring lodgings. The first night we were permitted to occupy a cart-shed and a killogie, near Dundonald, merely because Mr. Dykes, the proprietor, supposed our situation to be somewhat similar to the old Covenanters, from whom he was descended. Auchinleck was our next stage; we there obtained admission into a public-house, but only a few could be accommodated with beds. At New Cunnock we were allowed the use of a hay-loft, and were comfortable that night. At Slunkford, we solicited the use of the farmer's barn, but were refused, nor would he allow us to lie in the lee-side of his hay-stack; nor were we much better situated at Edonhall. But when we arrived at Kirkcconnell, on Saturday evening, we got two nights' comfortable lodgings, and the use of a large room in the public-house on Sabbath, in which Mr. White preached to as many of the people of the village as could gain admittance. The people heard him quietly, which was seldom the case; but they went away seemingly dissatisfied with his doctrine. At Thornhill, the people prevailed on Mr. White to preach again, but as he still used the rod of iron severely, though they continued to hear him quietly, they were evidently much dissatisfied with the tenor of his subject.

"As we travelled on foot, our progress was retarded by Mrs. White and Mrs. Hunter having each two young children; but we were otherwise annoyed in the course of our journey. Besides his business as town-clerk and writer, Mr. Hunter had a large concern in the shipping and coal-trade of Irvine, and was known to be wealthy. Some of his friends, grieved at what they considered folly and ill behaviour on his part, in leaving his business and property to wander with his family he knew not whither, under pretence of his having felt certain parts of his extensive affairs in great confusion by his sudden departure, wherein many interests besides his own were involved, a fugie-warrant was obtained against him, the real object of which was to bring him back and detain him till the witch-wife was out of the way, and thereby, if possible, to

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break the spell under which he appeared to be labouring. A messenger-at-arms, and a troop of constables, were despatched to carry this plan into execution. They overtook the wandering Buchanans in their march, and apprehended Mr. Hunter, but his wife and children were not detained, and they consequently prosecuted their journey. Several other persons from Irvine, afraid of similar consequences, returned with Mr. Hunter to settle their affairs also. The existence of the society being thus threatened by so unexpected a deprivation of its most wealthy and zealous members, it was thought prudent by the wanderers to halt at the first resting-place they could find, there to await the return of their friends who had been separated from them. This was at New Cample, a farm in Nithsdale, two miles south of the burgh of Thornhill, thirteen miles west of Dumfries, and not more than one and a half miles from the cave where the hunted Covenanters used to conceal themselves to evade pursuit, and which Sir Walter Scott describes as having been occupied by Balfour of Borley. It is somewhat singular that, a century afterwards, another class of enthusiasts should find a retreat in the same locality."

Here they settled; and we are told:
 "Having neither hay nor straw for bedding, and Mr. Davidson having none to give us, we were obliged to go to the moor and gather heather for that purpose. This we bound in bundles of about six feet long, and four feet broad, thereby forming a bed for two persons. These bundles were placed in a double row on the barn-floor, leaving room scarcely for a single person to pass between them. These beds were not hard, on account of the heather being closely pressed together with the tops uppermost; but we had at first no more bed-clothes than a single blanket on each bed, and all made pillows of their body-clothes. When we had nearly completed our up putting, Mr. Hunter and several other persons arrived from Irvine, and contentedly lay down on heather beds—there being now no distinction of persons among us—those who had wives being as if they had none. But if our Friend Mother and Mrs. Gibson be excepted, the women were greatly behind the men in their compliance, for there was scarcely one, either old or young, who did not retain a partial hankering after either husband or sweetheart; but, as there was no law to be put in force, and no punishment to be apprehended, it was all matter of choice with us." (This statement plainly shews that all the responsibilities of the marriage state were given up.)
 In this dissolute manner they lived—working, however, most industriously—till the period when the cunning Prophetess had foretold for their aerial voyage to heaven in the flesh; but the account of this and other curious vagaries, to the end, we must reserve for our next *Gazette*.

POETRY.

The Country-House, and other Poems. By James Prior, F.S.A., M.R.I.A., &c. author of "The Life of Burke," "Life of Goldsmith," &c. Pp. 207. London, Chapman and Hall.

POETRY is one of the admitted literary difficulties of the age;—difficult always in itself as an art—more difficult from the number of past successful writers—and especially difficult in the present day, being for something new in form or treatment, rather than for what is simply truthful and natural. In the literary as in the physical appetite there may be the feeling of repletion. Readers may be so over-fed, or over-stimulated, that plain viands no longer please, and a species of mental *curry* thus becomes necessary in order to whet the palated taste up to the point of enjoyment.

Something of this kind has occurred in the "art poetical." Amid a great many indifferent poems, there have been published within the last ten or twelve years several of undoubted merit, which, from the cause just alluded to, or from some extraordinary revulsion, or should we say perversion,

of public taste, have fallen still-born from the press, or attracted no other than mere momentary notice. There are few writers at present who publish a volume of verse a second time: none even of the most distinguished of our poets venture upon it. The public will not read, and therefore will not buy; and we remember hearing one of the great masters of verse not long since say, that had his reputation not been made more than thirty years ago, it would be impossible, even by his best efforts, to make it in the present day. This we believe, popular as he now is, to be a truth, though a melancholy one. It is melancholy to see talent and genius, exerted in their very highest department, neglected; it is more,—it is unnatural. It is at variance with that admiration of the first principles of beauty and power which exists instinctively within us; and can only proceed from one of those aberrations of public taste of which we have several examples in England, but which can no more be permanent than the sun be continuously obscured from the face of nature.

Undeterred by this neglect, of which he seems, by his preface and a preliminary sonnet, perfectly aware, the present writer, who has given two successful biographies to literature, enters upon this sterile territory. His theme is thoroughly English, and, as far as we remember, new. It is the description of a country-house, its vicinity, amusements, occupations, inmates, conversations; with such characters, scenery, and local peculiarities, as may be supposed to surround an English gentleman's seat. This gives an opportunity for the introduction of several episodes written with equal vigour and taste, and with all that admiration for rural nature which we hold to be inseparable from true poetry. Take this fanciful sketch of natural objects in the approach to "Sylvan Hall," the scene of his lucubrations:

"Here Nature blooms—as through the tortuous drive
 We whirl—her hand at work, her forms alive!
 And gay as busy,—seems 't admiring views
 A beautiful rustic clothed in rainbow hues;
 Her jewels, fruits; her ringlets, festooned leaves;
 Blossoms her pearls, her riches wheat sheaves;
 Her couch new hay, its odours her perfume;
 Flower-beds impart far more than human bloom;
 Plants her embroidery; for her carpets, grass;
 The brook reflective forms her looking-glass;
 Gardens her boudoir, birds her music sound;
 Her breath the breeze through rose-trees rustling round;
 Her looks seem grave where darkening shadows fall;
 Her showers the tears that beauty's griefs recall;
 Her smiles the sun-lights flickering o'er your wall.
 Say, various thus—since change but change begets—
 Is she not greatest, gayest of coquettes!"

In strolling through the grounds, green-house, and gardens, we find the following on the reproduction of vegetable produce from the earth, green and vigorous, though springing from rotting seeds:

"So shall the Soul, that taint or death defies,
 From festering clay as pure and beautiful rise;
 Which, lent to man awhile by heavenly love,
 Wings back, when called from him, its way above."

In alluding to some of the ills of a peasant's life, we have a striking sketch of those of higher station; and recognise in it the declining hours of a late popular and eloquent statesman, to whom some recent allusions in high places were made:

"Nor his alone. More humbling there behold
 Ills felt by Genius—griefs of nobler mould.
 Worse than the peasant's lot; almost a check
 To wish attainments, thus to see their wreck!
 Or crave his skill who wandering senates led,
 While truth, persuasion, flowed from all he said;
 Worn from opponents' praise, respect, or fear—
 From friends' devotion heard in many a cheer!
 Gift—oh, how envied!—labours none denies—
 And yet their fruits—imbecile thoughts and cries!
 Glance at that mansion; round it all was gay;
 Now silence reigns, gloom spreads its dark array.
 Power, talents, fame, were there—alas, how brief!
 Worn down by mental toils slow sinks the chief;
 The soul that awed us idest fancies wring.
 Changed to an erring, wandering, flickering thing!"

When petted most or most of evening, Pride,
 Oh, come and seat thee by the sick-bed side!
 There see how weak the mightiest of thy kind,
 How fallen what once we owned a master mind!
 Touched by the hand of Heaven, an altered tone
 Shews passions, late the strongest, now o'erthrown;
 And powers that once o'er men their empire sang,
 Wane from the eye, nor prompt the faltering tongue!"

Observing a village wedding, the description of the bride's appearance and feelings is most true to nature:

"All, save the bride, at ease,—in humour gay;
 What varying thoughts her mind and face display!
 Home, husband, friends, all new!—as those arise,
 Smiles light her cheeks, while tears bedew her eyes;
 Not sorrow's,—but for severed links in life;
 The stake she played for won—to be a wife.
 Yet on her joy intrudes some feminine fear;
 Fond of her lord, yet former friends how dear!
 The hearth that nursed her ne'er to be forgot;
 Will that which waits her prove a happier spot?"

The story of Cicely Raby, her sufferings and fate, is too long for quotation here, but pains, while it interests us; for her merits—

"Yet here was worth, youth, health, a blameless mind;
 True woman's heart—confiding, cheerful, kind—"

could not save her from passions that prevail alike in town and country. Having merely given a very brief introduction to it now, we may probably return to this volume, which not only deserves it of itself, but as the production of the author of the excellent *Lives of Edmund Burke and Oliver Goldsmith*. It is almost too bad to assail us in another class of literature; but in all, *palmam quis meruit ferat*, and we cannot disapprove of a worthy ambition.

MEDICAL.

On the Antidotal Treatment of the Epidemic Cholera.
 By John Parkin, M.D., &c. W. H. Allen.

WHILE we quite agree with Dr. Parkin in his principles of treatment, we consider his views upon the specific agency of carbon to be quite hypothetical, and not sustained by the results of chemical and physiological investigation. The *modus operandi* of Stevens's saline powders, of the undoubted beneficial effects of which in the cholera of 1832 and 1833 we had abundant experience, was never properly understood; Dr. Stevens's own views upon the subject being highly theoretical. It is probable that the carbonate of soda, as exhibited by Dr. Parkin, contains all the virtues of Dr. Stevens's more complicated powders. We have our lives seen common effervescing draughts used with the most remarkable results. Dr. Parkin's plan is to exhibit thirty grains of the sesqui-carbonate of soda or potash, dissolved in a large tumbler with only a wineglass-full of water, to which is to be added a dessert-spoonful of any simple syrup, mixing the two ingredients together so as to form a homogeneous mass. By this means the mixture is made tenacious, and upon adding a solution in another wine-glass of water of twenty grains of citric or tartaric acid, the gas is prevented escaping so rapidly as would otherwise be the case. Such is the simple and most efficacious treatment of cholera when stimulants are wanted: the carbonate of ammonia added to the effervescing draught is the best.

Ready Remedies in Cases of Poison, Accidents, &c.
 By James Johnson, M.R.C.C.L. Pp. 48. London, J. Gilbert.

MAX often be found useful in families where alarm is excited and no medical succour is at hand.

PRESENT STATE OF THE ANNUALS.

Forget Me Not; a Christmas, New Year's, and Birthday Present. For 1847. Edited by F. Shoberl. London, Ackerman.

KEEPING more near to its original condition in literature, embellishment, and form, than almost any of its successive compeers, the modest little *Forget Me Not* still appeals to its pristine character, as well as to the magic of its name. It must be confessed that, like its brethren (with only one or two exceptions, which may be inferred from our remarks on them), a greater latitude of mediocrity runs through its contents, less frequently illuminated by any brilliant contributions than in the palmy days of these very popular works; but it still possesses merit enough to recommend it as a fit offering of holiday affection and kindly remembrance. When we look back on the first start and after progress of these publications, we are rather inclined to wonder at the

comparative decline; though some of the causes are evident enough. But being so evident, there seems to be no obstacle to their revival, phoenix-like, from their ashes, and again taking their place for universal praise and encouragement. The earliest production, suggested by a German model, caught the public at once by pleasant ties, and burst into extensive favour. The engravings far surpassed in number and execution any thing previously done in volumes for common circulation. The letterpress was of a superior order, in originality and merit, to anything previously thought of in the usual selections and collections. And one distinguishing feature, which attracted more, perhaps, than any other, though less ostensible and prominent, was naturally adopted in the choice of subjects,—of which the greater proportion were devoted to matters relative to the avowed purpose of the volume, viz. to be suitable to family gifts and amicable recollections. There was much in them to interest parent and child, brother and sister, distant relations and friends, and a little which might add a gratification and a zest to married happiness or to budding or prospering love. Such was the first conception and plan of these sweet and brilliant tokens. But success, as is ever the case, generated imitation and competition. A new class sprung up, and enlarged by degrees till the world was more perplexed than mended by the rival claims and varieties of pretensions pushed on its notice. It was even difficult to get titles for them all—the *Keepsake* was the best—and the inundation was complete. The race was so swiftly contested, that we had Christmas gifts about Midsummer; and the struggle so intense, that the most eminent authors were bought at enormous prices to write articles for these ephemera. Very costly engravings were also added to the luxury; and bindings so expensive that in process of time the outsides were both more extravagant and more excellent of their kind than the in! The consequences might have been foreseen. The high names of genius contributed little else than the shakings of their bags, and other high names without genius sent in their trash; the building had a few carved stones, the rest was what is called rubble in masonry, in literature rubbish. Tolerably good and efficient writers were put *hors de combat*; and if there were finery enough, no other quality was sought. The appeal to the social feelings was utterly lost sight of; and any other elegant toy might fairly compete with the toy Annual. Hence the gradual decline. The multitude distracted, the boasting disappointed, the expense deterred, the want of object alienated, and the demand consequently decreased, till even the necessary and proper cost of production was so far abridged as to lead to farther reductions of ornament and yet inferior literary effort. A number fell out of the field; notwithstanding which, there is not the patronage as of yore for what remain: cause and effect; effect and cause.

Now this state of affairs we consider to be a stringent hint for alteration and improvement, for trying back to the old scale, resuscitating what was beneficial, and discarding what was injurious. Let us have no longer mis-called Presents commemorative of gentle feelings and affections a mere farago of odds and ends, unused and unsaleable pieces of art patched up with shreds of mental poverty. Return something, if ever so small, of the *Heart* to these publications—something appropriate to and worthy of the name of *Forget Me Not*, *Keepsake*, *Souvenir*, or other emblem of good wishes.

We venture to prophesy that a volume of this description—handsome enough, but neither too gaudy nor too dear—the contents suitable, and purchased at a fair market-price where not voluntarily furnished by competent hands, and edited with ability, taste, and the right feeling—would ensure a popularity as wide as ever attended the most prosperous that have ever been seen. Surely common sense indicates that they ought to be different from other embellished publications, which depend merely

on fine skill, no matter on what employed. The nature of the Annual requires a beautiful sentiment, rather than an exquisite illumination—a touch of tenderness awaking gratitude or sympathy, rather than a specimen of exotic art, though calculated to provoke admiration. Not that we would be satisfied with mediocrity in picture and sterility in letters: the first must be of a high order, and the last genial. It is not enough to delight the amateur eye, and ring unmeaning changes on the regardless ear. We speak of other and artistic times, and not of the sad falling off in this respect during later years: and to deserve and earn the climax of well-bestowed talent and labour, it needs to ponder over a few of these suggestions, and endeavour to produce a volume consonant to them—not a scatterry performance raked together anyhow, but consistent with the design of interchanging affectionate memorials, which shall be prized with reverence and tears at a far distant period, and not be thrown down and forgotten as soon as curiosity has been satiated by tumbling them over for an hour.

Of this year's *Forget Me Not* we can truly say, that about half of its ten engravings are chosen with peculiar judgment for such a miscellany, and

that the others are not out of place. The letterpress, in verse and prose, does not mount above the level school, but is meritorious enough to justify our recommending the book to a full share of its past and usual favour.

The Comic Almanack for 1847. With Twelve Illustrations of the Months, by G. Cruikshank. London, D. Bogue.

FERTILE in his fancies, and copious and original in his illustrations as ever, George Cruikshank has furnished us with much more than a laugh for every month in the coming year. In January we are taught to see the invisible police; and in February we have a charming boarding-school bevy with "noses to the north" at the word of command, and in a direction from two dashing officers, a direction in which the eyes do not concord with the nasal organ. March, on the text of "the Bright Poker," is a humorous satire on the distant efforts to promote civilisation; and April is a still more caustic ridicule of the slang and vulgarity which now too generally usurp the place of talent and wit—not only on the stage, as here exemplified, but in life and literature.



A BATTLE WITH BILLINGS-GATE.

SUGGESTED BY THAT OF BLENHEIM.

It was the Christmas holidays,
And, seated in the pit,
A father saw the new burlesque,
That was so full of wit.
And by him sat, in slang unskilled,
His pretty little girl, Clotilde.
She heard some "ladies" on the stage
Say they would "cut their sticks,"
And one in male attire declare
That she'd "go it like bricks."
She asked her father what were "bricks?"
And what they meant by "cut their sticks?"
The father heard the audience laugh,
As at some witty stroke;
And the old man he scratched his head,
For he couldn't see the joke.
"I don't know what they mean," said he,
"But sure 'tis some facetie."
And then she heard one, nearly nude,
Say something else about
"Has your fond mother sold her mangle?"
And does she know you're out?"
And when the people laughed, cried she,
"Oh, pa! there's more facetie!"
And then the little maiden said,
"Now, tell me why, papa,
That lady asked him if the mangle
Was sold by his mama?"
"I can't tell why, my dear," said he,
"Though, of course, 'tis some facetie."
But when she saw the lady's fingers
Unto her nose applied,
"Why, 'tis a very vulgar thing!"
The little maiden cried.
"The papers all, my child, agree
'Tis brimful of facetie!"
"And every body says the piece
With brilliant wit is filled."
"And what is wit, my dear papa?"
Quoth innocent Clotilde.
"Why, that I cannot say," quoth he;
"But wit is not—vulgarity."



Billingsgate in the ascendant.

May brings her drolleries to bear on the patronage of dwarf-shows; and the ensuing months (which we need not particularise) lampoon blue-stocking wives, opera-dancers, military scholastic education, and other topics of the day. A dream embodying the characters in Madame Tussaud's Exhibition, all alive and frolicking, is about as rich in grotesque

character, and capital in composition, as any thing of the kind ever done by our incomparable artist. Altogether, with its twelve entertaining plates, and numerous cuts on every vis-à-vis page—little touches full of fun and meaning, and admirable in their way,—the "Comic" before us well deserves its wonted reception from the public.



Burlesque standing on its merits.

PHILOSOPHICO-RELIGIOUS WORKS.

The Use of the Body in relation to the Mind. By George Moore, M.D. &c. Pp. 431. London, Longmans.

DR. MOORE'S former work on the *Power of the Soul over the Body*, with all the ability by which it is characterised, obviously demanded such a sequel as this to complete the interesting problems enfolded in the mysterious connexion between the human body and soul. The pervading spirit of both is philanthropy. One cannot but look towards the writer with a feeling of affection. Every word he utters seems to have your weal at heart; and his arguments, mundane and divine, are all addressed to your good in this world, and blessedness in the world to come. At the same time gently amiable and rigidly right, the gravest inculcations are read as if they were the pleasant counsels of a friend, and not the stern lessons of a teacher. Dr. Moore does not drive; he

"Allures to brighter worlds, and points the way."

Well does he state: "The topics are presented as they were felt by the author, in the study and practice of his profession; and much of the work consists of moral deductions from physiological facts, which certainly demand profounder investigation than this work admits. The subject is, indeed, of immense extent, and in many respects abstruse; this, however, is no reason why we should be content to remain in ignorance of it, but rather the reverse, since truth is always worthy of our highest regard, and a mind duly impressed with a sense of its value can by no means shrink from effort, since without it no permanent moral advantage can possibly be obtained. Readers, as well as authors, are bound to think; and though they feel their deficiency, still to take courage from the fact, that if they possess any mental power, they have always the means of getting more, since it will grow if it be but rightly employed, and thus, at length, convert difficulties into delights, exertion itself into enjoyment."

This is an easy task with the work before us. Not that we, or that any one, perhaps, will entirely coincide with every dicta of the author; but where we doubt or differ, we do so without dogmatism on either part, and in perfect good will, "as if a brother did a brother dare." And it would be difficult, where differences occur, to state, still more to discuss them. A bald proposition met by a bare contradiction would ill exhibit either the original ground or the grounds of answer. For the former is built up by many arguments, which the latter must meet and overthrow in detail to be worthy of consideration. For instance, Dr. Moore starts by declaring that, "as far as history informs us, mankind have continued, from parent to child, through all generations, from the first pair, with an entail of suffering and disorder, in a manner which science cannot explain. The perfection of Omnipotent design, in the original formation of a human being, appears to have been disturbed, but how, or why, philosophy cannot discover." This is a startling assertion, and we confess that in dilating upon it we think the Doctor lets in more of the spiritual than is sustained by his physical reasoning; for we can form no idea of his first created perfect body with an imperfect soul; and yet it would require pages to grapple with the least of his inductions.

An occasional naïveté is the result of the author's most kindly orthodox and golden rule temperament. Thus he advises that "every one who loves life truly, and wishes to keep his soul fresh and fair for departure, should maintain an intimacy between his heart and all nature, and by all means avoid excessive labour, monotony, and fixedness. Let him dwell among the hills, with trees and flowers and streams and singing birds, that if dark thoughts come over him in the twilight, he may quietly turn to the stars and to his Bible. Should any trouble disturb the heavenward will, go forth into the freedom of light and air, and feel the Infinite about you, my reader."

Who would not adopt this advice, if they could? It is a delicious example (and we pass 300 pages of physiology and philosophising for it) of the feelings that animate the heart of one who finely tells us: "The practical end of the matter is this; we should shew charity and forbearance towards each other up to the full extent of the Christian law, if we would improve others, or enjoy ourselves." No wonder that the author is a zealous denouncer of the dread sacrifices of youth and existence to the Mammon, worse than Moloch, who reigns over the thews, and sinews, and industry of England:

"Many shopmen and apprentices are confined behind the counter fourteen or fifteen hours a day, in impure air and ceaseless worry. Night arrives, but they toil on till ten or eleven, with flushed cheek, and fevered pulse, and heavy brow. Sleep and work are their only lawful engagements, if we may judge from the requirements of the comfortable master, who at an early hour retires from care and business to the enjoyment of the country, or the social blessings of the parlour or the drawing-room. And is it then surprising that consumption, decay, and death should be more busy among the denizens of towns than of rural hamlets?"

"With the year
Seasons return: but not to them returns
The sight of vernal bloom or summer's rose,
Or flocks or herds.—But clouds instead."

Is it then a wonder that so many of such should wither in soul as they droop in body, and yield their spirits to the seduction of any debauchery which may serve occasionally to diversify the stale monotony of their doom? Life should be a power of enjoying the body and soul in pursuits congenial to the faculties of both. Those who wear out their clerks and apprentices with constant devotion to Mammon, are answerable for a great deal of licentiousness and sabbath-breaking. But the case is worse with the meeker and more gentle part of our species, whose training and nature fit them for the more sedentary occupations. It is fearful to reflect on the miseries of mind and body entailed on the many thousands of young females who obtain their meagre pittance of a livelihood by needlework. The struggle to endure the artificial, destroys the natural. A morbid aggravation of their peculiar infirmities soon brings them under bondage to all those sensations known as dyspeptic and hysterical symptoms. The fine feelings on which the excellence of female character is formed, and those affections which require only the encouragement of time and opportunity to make a home blessed and sacred, are all blighted. Natural affections dare not expand; there is no room for them in the crowded and unnatural establishment; they cannot grow pent up in an atmosphere redolent of fashion. What will not pay, can never be permitted; so there is no exercise possible but of the eyes and fingers and the aching nerves, which are every day weary, even to agony, with looking at and handling silks and cottons and artificial flowers. Thus the intellect and the heart become alike beclouded, but the sensibilities which pertain to the cardinal vices are the last to die, they are even strengthened by atrophy of soul; and as that enjoyment which flows from the feeling of vital vigour is sealed up at the fountain, the mind seeks for zests in keeping with its degraded condition."

True feeling is always eloquent, and we cannot resist another fine passage, though on another theme.

"Though our moral nature possesses no restorative principle in itself, yet the delicate susceptibilities which distinguished the earlier periods of our experience, plainly indicate our original fitness for higher ends than the scenes of this world afford us. The better feelings of childhood and youth lose their bloom and loveliness by the necessary associations of maturer years. Earth is not a fit place to train us in perfect keeping with our capability of enjoyment. The functional and criminal are too nearly connected, in consequence of hereditary corruption. We feel, as we advance in

life, that neither our positions nor our pursuits are quite compatible with freedom of spirit, since we are obliged to calculate on consequences, instead of obeying impulses, simply because we are not pure. Who desires not to regain the acute and delightful sensibilities of opening existence, when the passions harmonising together awake responsively to every touch of tenderness and love? The past, however, returns not with a wish, but yet all that was good in it shall return to be lost no more. The finer spirits (to use a figure) have indeed evaporated in the more heated atmosphere of manhood; nevertheless, there is probably in the heart of every human being a portion of created excellence, which can never wholly waste away; there is always some germinal atom, some pure element, some light within us, some drop of holy life imparted by the touch of Jehovah, which has a natural affinity for all that is lovely and truthful, both as regards affection and intellect, which, in a proper atmosphere, would expand into glory, by commerce with the skies. But the selfishness which, like a petrification, or rather iciness, hardens about our hearts while engaged in worldly pursuits, cannot be broken or melted off but by some violence to our habits. It is necessary for us to be brought into the helplessness of childhood, to feel again a child-like spirit. The spring of health which, bounding from our eager bosoms, sustained our more selfish passions in their vigour, must be diminished in its gushings; disease must reduce us to extremity of weakness, ere the acquired wilfulness of our wayward souls quite yields attention to the still small voice that whispers the remembrance of a mother's loving care, or a father's earnest prayers, and thus brings back upon our memories the thousand lovely visions that haunted the heart of our childhood. It is in this way, if ever, we get a retrospective glance at the love of Him that originated our being, and again invites us to his bosom, saying, 'Suffer little children to come unto me.'"

We have (as hinted) rather glanced at co-lateral parts than taken even a steady look at the many philosophical views which are developed in this volume; and we will not now do more than merely touch a chord or two by way of specimens:

"We know that some physiologists will tell us that the internal apparatus of vision—the brain alone—is essential to the production of phantasms. But we answer, that a remembered thing is not a mere phantasm, but a fact, belonging to individual experience, which the working of the brain alone could no more recall, than it could at first have produced. As the soul saw the object at first, so the soul beholds the remembered image or idea. Memory and imagination are but the operations of the thinking being, under the impression of circumstances; and the soul forms objects to itself, out of sensations, according to the degree of intelligence, and to the state of the will." Again: "How does physical disorder operate on thought? Does it alter the quality of that which thinks? No. The body is only more or less manageable by the soul. Fatigue is a felt necessity for rest, in order to prepare the body for the use of the soul. This state may be illustrated by what happens in disease. In maladies affecting common memory, the power of attending is impaired, for in order to attend, certain organs must be put into a certain state—that is, the senses and the brain must be influenced by the mind in a manner which the disease prevents. Mind acts not outwardly, nor associates past impressions with those present, except under this bodily preparation; and when disease thus interferes, the thinking being is rendered incapable of perfect organic recollection, because the will brings not the organisation into orderly association with surrounding objects. This is just what happens whenever the brain is wearied or weakened."

These are pithy morsels; but that we may not be thought wholesale encomiasts of the book, we shall finish with one other brief quotation, in order to say that all our experience directly contradicts it.

"Did you ever reflect on the remarkable circumstance, that the wish to accomplish anything in a dream is immediately followed by the impression that the thing desired is actually done? The soul takes her wishes for granted, and the train of her thoughts is directed to event after event, one springing out of the other, like the figures of a kaleidoscope, in an infinite series, or at least interminable in their variety and continuance, except by the exchange of waking ideas for dreaming fancies. The deed and the desire are one to the spirit, because the will and the understanding work together; and whatever impediment may be imagined, its removal may also be imagined, and therefore in our dreams our affections are exercised in all their license."

On the contrary, we say that the majority of dreams represent a struggle in which the wish cannot be accomplished.

A Catechism to Church History in General, &c. By the Rev. W. F. Wilkinson, M.A. Pp. 352. Longmans.

DIVIDING the Christian era into centuries, this volume presents information as full as such a work might require; and the reverend author appears to have employed diligence upon his authorities, and in their re-composition in the catechetical form. A great deal of church history and chronology is the result.

The Pre-Adamite Earth: Contributions to Theological Science. By John Harris, D.D., author of "The Great Teacher," &c. 8vo, pp. 367. London, Ward and Co.

DEER, deep in metaphysics, this is the first of several promised volumes, wherein the author reconciles to himself revelation and geology, and goes into by-past portions of eternity immeasurably anterior to either. Many of his propositions are equally startling and puzzling; but as they are yet to be demonstrated, we need only say that in their naked condition they leave our mind in a chaos far greater than that out of which creation sprang, or did not spring (for matter is somewhere declared to be for that grand purpose the fiat of a word, and not an aggregation of what was already existent), as is to be shown when the second volume appears.

An exercise of the Divine perfections properly infinite can only take place in the Divine nature itself, is only one of a hundred similar dicta laid down by the learned Doctor. Here is another of the labyrinthine passages (by way of example): "If there be a distinction or subsistency in the Divine nature, designated the Holy Spirit; if the attainment of the end require the disclosure of this mysterious fact; and if this disclosure can be only effected, consistently with the end, by His employment of the agency of this Divine subsistency, His office entitles Him to avail Himself of that agency. His right is commensurate with His obligation." To us this quotation distinctly recognises the doctrine of Necessity, against which every argument in the volume is directed. If there be only one way, there cannot be another; and if there be an obligation to employ a particular agency, there can be no other means employed. But be sure, when man, who cannot fathom the finite, fancies he can explain the infinite, his effort must be a strange ignis fatuus, seen only without enlightening where it is dark, and lost entirely in the blaze of superhuman light.

Dr. Harris sets himself against the developing theory of the *Vestiges of Creation*, as limiting the omnipotence and continued superintendence of the Godhead. Forgetting all he has said of our atom of time and atom of universe as absolutely nothing in the scales of eternity and space; but we merely mention the matter for the sake of his note, p. 95: "Among such speculators may be named the Author of *The Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation*;" a feat which public curiosity would be gratified by his performing. Since we last alluded to this authorship in the *Literary Gazette*, however, we

may notice that we have heard a good deal *pro* and *con* on the subject, and have arrived at the conclusion that no single name can supply an answer to the question of "Who wrote it?" We think we could name two names at least which had to do with the giving of the work to the public; and we deem it not unlikely that more might be added.

Lectures on Ethics. By T. Brown, M.D., late Professor of Moral Philosophy, Edinburgh. With a Preface by Dr. Chalmers. Pp. 524. Edinburgh, Tait; London, Simpkin and Marshall; Dublin, Cumming and Ferguson.

HAVING in his first course carried through that searching analysis which the purely ethical nature of his subjects required, the present continuation ceases to be subtle, and leads us more by rational precept than abstract theory into the calm philosophical retreats of moral consummation. Against the system of Utility, with its selfishness and sacrifice of others to hypothetical principles, the author is profound and convincing; but the delightful portion, and happily by far the largest, of the volume will be found where the cultivation of the moral virtues is enforced for the sake of the individual happiness which must attend that Christian benevolent course. Charity, truth, justice, candour, generosity, honour, gratitude, have, in their essence, a powerful advocate here, and for their own sakes; whilst the vigour of the analysis is reserved only to subvert their opponent doctrines, though maintained by such authorities as Hume, Paley, and Smith.

Without venturing upon the very extensive field it opens to our view, and upon which it expatiates so eloquently, we must content ourselves with saying that it is a very valuable work, and well calculated to promote the welfare of mankind. Dr. Chalmers' preface is a fine example of honest criticism.

AMERICAN WRITERS.

Mosses from an Old Manse. Part I. By Nathaniel Hawthorne.

Papers on Literature and Art. Parts I. and II. By S. Margaret Fuller. Wiley and Putnam.

BOTH these publications reflect credit on the mind, and taste, and the polite literature of America. Giving precedence to the lady, we may state, that in her fugitive essays, mostly redeemed and put together from the newspaper or periodical press of her country, there is a soundness of sense not so overlaid, as is usual in the more desperate writers of her school, with the metaphysical jargon of pseudo-poetical and general criticism. We have, it is true, enough of inmost soul-cultivation and concentrated spirit-revelation, and unreal aspiration, and suggestive creation, and abstract or magnetic idealisation, &c.; but we can see what the writer aims at through her "æsthetic" Germanisation, and find her other remarks quite common, sensible, and to the purpose. The readily intelligible swamps the cloudy mystical; and we do like authors whom we can easily understand!

In this collection the only new paper, we believe, is that on American Literature, in Part II.; and as it must, at any rate, possess more of novelty for readers on this side of the water than remarks on our own European writers, we shall confine ourselves to it, as an illustration of the talent displayed in the whole series. Mrs. (or Miss?) Fuller sets out by shewing cause why America could not yet have a national literature, exhibiting the thoughts and life of the country.

"That day (she says) will not rise till the fusion of races among us is more complete. It will not rise till this nation shall attain sufficient moral and intellectual dignity to prize moral and intellectual no less highly than political freedom—not till, the physical resources of the country being explored, all its regions studded with towns, broken by the plough, netted together by railways and telegraph-lines, talent shall be left at leisure to turn its energies upon the higher department

of man's existence. Nor then shall it be seen till from the leisurely and yearning soul of that ripe time national ideas shall take birth, ideas craving to be clothed in a thousand fresh and original forms. Without such ideas all attempts to construct a national literature must end in abortions like the monster of Frankenstein—things with forms and the instincts of forms, but soulless, and therefore revolting. We cannot have expression till there is something to be expressed."

Towards this consummation she expresses a hope that she is herself pioneering the way; but on the present time observes:

"Under present circumstances the amount of talent and labour given to writing ought to surprise us. Literature is in this dim and struggling state, and its pecuniary results exceedingly pitiful. From many well-known causes it is impossible for ninety-nine out of the hundred, who wish to use the pen, to ransom by its use the time they need. This state of things will have to be changed in some way. No man of genius writes for money; but it is essential to the free use of his powers that he should be able to disembarass his life from care and perplexity. This is very difficult here; and the state of things gets worse and worse, as less and less is offered in pecuniary need for works demanding great devotion of time and labour (to say nothing of the other engaged); and the publisher, obliged to regard the transaction as a matter of business, demands of the author to give him only what will find an immediate market, for he cannot afford to take any thing else. This will not do! When an immortal poet was secure only of a few copyists to circulate his works, there were princes and nobles to patronise literature and the arts. Here is only the public, and the public must learn how to cherish the nobler and rarer plants, and to plant the aloe, able to wait a hundred years for its bloom, or its garden will contain, presently, nothing but potatoes and pot-herbs. We shall have, in the course of the next two or three years, a convention of authors to inquire into the causes of this state of things and propose measures for its remedy. Some have already been thought of that look promising, but we shall not announce them till the time be ripe: that date is not distant, for the difficulties increase from day to day, in consequence of the system of cheap publication on a great scale."

What the plan may be is thus a secret; and we are left in the dark, curious to know if in the New World there can strike out aught better for authors than they have ever been able to achieve in the mother country. In running over the prominent men of the time, and telling us of them, their performances and projects, we are told that "the actor Murdoch, about to devote himself with enthusiasm and hope to prop up a falling profession, is to bring out a series of plays written not merely for him, but because his devotion is likely to furnish fit occasion for their appearance. The first of these, 'Witchcraft,' brought out successfully upon the boards at Philadelphia, we have read; and it is a work of strong and majestic lineaments; a fine originality is shewn in the conception, by which the love of a son for a mother is made a sufficient *motif* (as the Germans call the ruling impulse of a work) in the production of tragic interest; no less original is the attempt, and delightful the success, in making an aged woman a satisfactory heroine to the piece through the greatness of her soul and the magnetic influence it exerts on all around her, till the ignorant and superstitious fancy that the sky darkens and the winds wait upon her as she walks on the lonely hill-side near her hut to commune with the Past and seek instruction from Heaven. The working of her character on the other agents of the piece is depicted with force and nobleness. The deep love of her son for her; the little tender, simple ways in which he shews it, having preserved the purity and poetic spirit of childhood by never having been weaned from his first love, a mother's

love; the anguish of his soul when he too becomes infected with distrust, and cannot discriminate the natural magnetism of a strong nature from the spells and lures of sorcery; the final triumph of his faith,—all offered the highest scope to genius and the power of moral perception in the actor. There are highly poetic intimations of those lowering days with their veiled skies, brassy light, and sadly whispering winds, very common in Massachusetts, so ominous and brooding seen from any point, but, from the idea of witchcraft, invested with an awful significance."

And from this notice we are led to another equally new to us.

"In originality of conception, and resting the main interest upon force of character in a woman, this drama naturally leads us to revert to a work in the department of narrative-fiction, which, on similar grounds, comes to us as a harbinger of the new era. This book is, 'Margaret, or the Real and Ideal,' a work which has appeared within the past year; and, considering its originality and genuineness, has excited admiration and sympathy amazingly soon. Even some leading reviews of what Byron used to speak of as the 'garrison class' (a class the most opposite imaginable to that of Garrison abolitionists) have discussed its pretensions and done homage to its merits. It is a work of great power and richness, a genuine disclosure of the life of mind and the history of character. Its descriptions of scenery and the common people, in the place and time it takes up, impart to it the highest value as a representative of transient existence, which had a great deal of meaning." [Qy. meaning?]

But the description enlarges; for we learn that, "meanwhile, the most important part of our literature, while the work of diffusion is still going on, lies in the journals, which monthly, weekly, daily send their messages to every corner of this great land, and form at present the only efficient instrument for the general education of the people. Among these the magazines take the lowest rank. Their object is principally to cater for the amusement of vacant hours; and as there is not a great deal of wit and light talent in this country, they do not even this to much advantage. More wit, grace, and elegant trifling embellish the annals of literature in one day of France than in a year of America. The reviews are more able. If they cannot compare, on equal terms, with those of France, England, and Germany,—where, if genius be rare, at least a vast amount of talent and culture are brought to bear upon all the departments of knowledge,—they are yet very creditable to a new country, where so large a portion of manly ability must be bent on making laws, making speeches, making railroads and canals. They are, however, much injured by a partisan spirit, and the fear of censure from their own public."

"The life of intellect is becoming more and more determined to the weekly and daily papers, whose light leaves fly so rapidly and profusely over the land. Speculations are afloat as to the influence of the electric telegraph upon their destiny; and it seems obvious that it should raise their character by taking from them, in some measure, the office of gathering and dispersing the news, and requiring of them rather to arrange and interpret it. This mode of communication is susceptible of great excellence in the way of condensed essay, narrative, criticism, and is the natural receptacle for the lyrics of the day."

Alas for the literature of a country of which this can be said! Continuing to mention names and productions hardly known to us, Brown is spoken of "as a novelist, by far our first in point of genius and instruction as to the soul of things. Yet his works have fallen almost out of print. It is their dark, deep gloom that prevents their being popular, for their very beauties are grave and sad." And the next on the list is "Hawthorne, the best writer of the day, in a similar range with Irving,

only touching many more points and discerning far more deeply."

And this brings us to the second book, whose title precedes this notice. We had previously marked some of it for review, but are relieved from original remark by being able with truth to say *ditto* to Mrs. Fuller, who states:

"The volume before us shares the charms of Hawthorne's earlier tales, the only difference being that his range of subjects is a little wider. There is the same gentle and sincere companionship with nature, the same delicate but fearless scrutiny of the secrets of the heart, the same serene independence of petty and artificial restrictions, whether on opinions or conduct, the same familiar yet pensive sense of the spiritual or demoniacal influences that haunt the palpable life and common walks of men, not by many apprehended except in results. We have here to regret that Hawthorne, at this stage of his mind's life, lays no more decisive hand upon the apparition—brings it no nearer than in former days. We had hoped that we should see no more as in a glass darkly, but face to face. Still, still brood over his page the genius of reverie and the nonchalance of nature, rather than the ardent earnestness of the human soul which feels itself born not only to see and disclose, but to understand and interpret such things. Hawthorne intimates and suggests, but he does not lay bare the mysteries of our being."

So much the better, perhaps, for Hawthorne and his readers. "The Birth-Mark," "Rapaccini's Daughter," "The Celestial Railroad," "Roger Malvin's Burial," and others, are various, and replete with fine feeling and talent. Calm, with a dash of imagination, and about the best style we have seen from across the Atlantic, we rather wonder that, with the allowance of "now a standard reputation," we should be told that this author is "not very widely read." But the reason is given: it "is only because (Mrs. Fuller informs us) his works have not been published in the way to ensure extensive circulation in this new, hurrying world of ours. The immense extent of country over which the reading (still very small in proportion to the mere working) community is scattered, the rushing and pushing of our life at this electrical stage of development, leave no work a chance to be speedily and largely known that is not trumpeted and placarded. And odious as are the features of a forced and artificial circulation, it must be considered that it does no harm in the end. Bad books will not be read if they are bought instead of good; while the good have an abiding life in the log-cabin settlements and Red River steamboat-landings, to which they would in no other way penetrate."

Why, steam-boats and railway-stations are now the grand pervading marts of British literature! no wonder it is at a low ebb, empty, vulgar, useless, and debasing. This is an evil which has sprung up within the last few years, has done a world of mischief, and bids fair to do more, to the great detriment of all that is good and wholesome. The following passages, from the introductory chapter to *Mosses*, the description of an old manse, pleased us much in perusal; and we quote them in the hope that, though impossible to separate with just effect from the mass, they will equally please our readers, and serve to afford an idea of the attractive qualities of Mr. Hawthorne.

"A priest had built it; a priest had succeeded to it; other priestly men, from time to time, had dwelt in it; and children, born in its chambers, had grown up to assume the priestly character. It was awful to reflect how many sermons must have been written there. The latest inhabitant alone—he, by whose translation to Paradise the dwelling was left vacant—had penned nearly three thousand discourses, besides the better, if not the greater number, that gushed living from his lips. How often, no doubt, had he paced to and fro along the avenue, attuning his meditations to the sighs and gentle murmurs, and deep and solemn

peals of the wind, among the lofty tops of the trees! In that variety of natural utterances he could find something accordant with every passage of his sermon, were it of tenderness or reverential fear. The boughs over my head seemed shadowy with solemn thoughts, as well as with rustling leaves. I took shame to myself for having been so long a writer of idle stories, and ventured to hope that wisdom would descend upon me with the falling leaves of the avenue; and that I should light upon an intellectual treasure in the Old Manse, well worth those hoards of long-hidden gold which people seek for in moss-grown houses. Profound treasures of morality, a layman's unprofessional and therefore unprejudiced views of religion; histories (such as Bancroft might have written had he taken up his abode here, as he once purposed), bright with picture, gleaming over a depth of philosophic thought; these were the works that might fitly have flowed from such a retirement. In the humblest event, I resolved at least to achieve a novel that should evolve some deep lesson, and should possess physical substance enough to stand alone. In furtherance of my design, and as if to leave me no pretext for not fulfilling it, there was, in the rear of the house, the most delightful little nook of a study that ever offered its snug seclusion to a scholar. It was here that Emerson wrote 'Nature' for he was then an inhabitant of the Manse, and used to watch the Assyrian dawn and the Paphian sunset and moonrise from the summit of our eastern hill. When I first saw the room, its walls were blackened with the smoke of unnumbered years, and made still blacker by the grim prints of Puritan ministers that hung around. These worthies looked strangely like bad angels; or, at least, like men who had wrestled so continually and so sternly with the devil that somewhat of his sooty fierceness had been imparted to their own visages. They are all vanished now."

In the plashy river near grows the white pond lily, of which the writer says:

"It is a marvel whence this perfect flower derives its loveliness and perfume, springing, as it does, from the black mud over which the river sleeps, and where lurk the slimy eel and speckled frog, and the mud turtle, whom continual washing cannot cleanse. It is the very same black mud out of which the yellow lily sucks its obscene life and noisome odour. Thus we see, too, in the world, that some persons assimilate only what is ugly and evil from the same moral circumstances which supply good and beautified results—the fragrance of celestial flowers—to the daily life of others."

In elder times a battle had been fought on this spot; and "here, in some unknown age, before the white man came, stood an Indian village convenient to the river, whence its inhabitants must have drawn so large a part of their substance. The site is identified by the spear and arrow-heads, the chisels, and other implements of war, labour, and the chase, which the plough turns up from the soil. You see a splinter of stone, half hidden beneath a sod; it looks like nothing worthy of note; but, if you have faith enough to pick it up, behold a relic! Thoreau, who has a strange faculty of finding what the Indians have left behind them, first set me on the search; and I afterwards enriched myself with some very perfect specimens, so rudely wrought that it seemed almost as if chance had fashioned them. Their great charm consists in this rudeness, and in the individuality of each article, so different from the productions of civilised machinery, which shapes every thing on one pattern. There is exquisite delight, too, in picking up for one's self an arrow-head that was dropped centuries ago, and has never been handled since, and which we thus receive directly from the hand of the red hunter, who purposed to shoot at his game, or at an enemy. Such an incident builds up again the Indian village and its encircling forest, and recalls

to life the painted chiefs and warriors, the squaws at their household toil, and the children sporting among the wigwams; while the little wind-rocked papoose swings from the branch of a tree. It can hardly be told whether it is a joy or a pain, after such a momentary vision, to gaze around in the broad daylight of reality, and see stone fences, white houses, potato-fields, and men doggedly hoeing, in their shirt-sleeves and homespun pantaloons. But this is nonsense. The old Manse is better than a thousand wigwams."

There is much of delightful simplicity in this wandering over a locality like the melancholy Jacques, only not melancholy, pulling sermons from celts, and books from hoar tradition and existing change; and the finely moral and reflective tone of the author gives a charming seasoning to the whole. Witness the musing upon the apple orchard left by the old minister:

"He loved each tree, doubtless, as if it had been his own child. An orchard has a relation to mankind, and readily connects itself with matters of the heart. The trees possess a domestic character; they have lost the wild nature of their forest-kindred, and have grown humanised by receiving the care of man, as well as by contributing to his wants. There is so much individuality of character, too, among apple-trees, that it gives them an additional claim to the objects of human interest. One is harsh and crabbed in its manifestations; another gives us fruit as mild as charity. One is churlish and illiberal, evidently grudging the few apples that it bears; another exhausts itself in free-hearted benevolence. The variety of grotesque shapes into which apple-trees contort themselves has its effect on those who get acquainted with them: they stretch out their crooked branches, and take such hold of the imagination, that we remember them as humourists and odd fellows. And what is more melancholy than the old apple-trees that linger about the spot where once stood a homestead, but where there is now only a ruined chimney, rising out of a grassy and weed-grown cellar? They offer their fruit to every wayfarer—apples that are bitter-sweet with the moral of time's vicissitude."

In the library some old newspapers and older almanacs are found, and suggest the following:

These "re-produced to my mental eye the epochs when they had issued from the press, with a distinctness that was altogether unaccountable. It was as if I had found bits of magic looking-glass among the books, with the images of a vanished century in them. I turned my eyes towards the tattered picture above-mentioned, and asked of the austere divine wherefore it was that he and his brethren, after the most painful rummaging and groping into their minds, had been able to produce nothing half so real as these newspaper scribbles and almanac-makers had thrown off in the effervescence of a moment. The portrait responded not; so I sought an answer for myself. It is the age itself that writes newspapers and almanacs, which therefore have a distinct purpose and meaning at the time, and a kind of intelligible truth for all times; whereas most other works—being written by men who in the very act set themselves apart from their age—are likely to possess little significance when new, and none at all when old. Genius, indeed, melts many ages into one, and thus effects something permanent, yet still with a similarity of office to that of the more ephemeral writer. A work of genius is but the newspaper of a century, or perchance of a hundred centuries."

A short glance at the Seasons offers another example so redolent of the author that we must add it to our tribute:

"I have forgotten whether the song of the cricket be not as early a token of autumn's approach as any other—that song, which may be called an audible stillness; for though very loud and heard afar, yet the mind does not take note of it as a sound, so completely is its individual exist-

ence merged among the accompanying characteristics of the season. Alas for the pleasant summertime! In August the grass is still verdant on the hills and in the valleys; the foliage of the trees is as dense as ever and as green; the flowers gleam forth in richer abundance along the margin of the river, and by the stone-walls, and deep among the woods; the days, too, are as fervid now as they were a month ago: and yet in every breath of wind, and in every beam of sunshine, we hear the whispered farewell, and behold the parting smile of a dear friend. There is a coolness amid all the heat, a mildness in the blazing noon; not a breeze can stir but it thrills us with the breath of autumn; a pensive glory is seen in the far golden gleams, among the shadows of the trees; the flowers, even the brightest of them, and they are the most gorgeous of the year, have this gentle sadness wedded to their pomp, and typify the character of the delicious time, each within itself. The brilliant cardinal flower has never seemed gay to me. Still later in the season nature's tenderness waxes stronger: it is impossible not to be fond of our mother now, for she is so fond of us. At other periods she does not make this impression on me, or only at rare intervals; but in those genial days of autumn, when she has perfected her harvests and accomplished every needful thing that was given her to do, then she overflows with a blessed superfluity of love. She has leisure to caress her children now: it is good to be alive and at such times. Thank heaven for breath! yes, for mere breath! when it is made up of a heavenly breeze like this. It comes with a real kiss upon our cheeks; it would linger fondly around us, if it might, but since it must be gone, it embraces us with its whole kindly heart, and passes onward to embrace likewise the next thing that it meets. A blessing is flung abroad, and scattered far and wide over the earth, to be gathered up by all who choose. I recline upon the still unwithered grass, and whisper to myself—'Oh, perfect day! Oh, beautiful world! Oh, beneficent God!' And it is the promise of a blessed eternity; for our Creator would never have made such lovely days, and have given us the deep hearts to enjoy them above and beyond all thought, unless we were meant to be immortal. This sunshine is the golden pledge thereof: It beams through the gates of paradise, and shews us glimpses far inward."

"By and by—in a little time—the outward world puts on a drear austerity. On some October morning there is a heavy hoar-frost on the grass and along the tops of the fences; and at sunrise the leaves fall from the trees of our avenue without a breath of wind, quietly descending by their own weight. All summer long they have murmured like the noise of waters; they have roared loudly, while the branches were wrestling with the thunder-gust; they have made music both glad and solemn; they have attuned my thoughts by their quiet sound, as I paced to and fro beneath the arch of intermingling boughs. Now they can only rustle under my feet. Henceforth the grey parsonage begins to assume a larger importance, and draws to its fireside—for the abomination of the air-tight stove is reserved till wintry weather—draws closer and closer to its fireside the vagrant impulses that had gone wandering about through the summer."

We trust we have done enough to make the public like Mr. Hawthorne as much as we do; if not, let them take the playful sumnerous advice from him with which we conclude:

"Were I to adopt a pet idea as so many people do, and fondle it in my embraces to the exclusion of all others, it would be, that the great want which mankind labours under at this present period is Sleep! The world should recline its vast head on the first convenient pillow, and take an age-long nap. It has gone distracted through a morbid activity; and, while preternaturally wide-awake, is nevertheless tormented by visions, that seem real to it now, but would assume their true aspect and

character were all things once set right by an interval of sound repose. This is the only method of getting rid of old delusions, and avoiding new ones—of regenerating our race, so that it might in due time awake, as an infant out of dewy slumber—of restoring to us the simple perception of what is right, and the single-hearted desire to achieve it; both of which have long been lost in consequence of this weary activity of brain and torpor or passion of the heart that now afflict the universe. Stimulants, the only mode of treatment hitherto attempted, cannot quell the disease; they do but heighten the delirium."

NOVELS.

Daniel Dennison, and the Cumberland Statesman. By the late Mrs. Hoffman. 3 vols. Bentley.

DANIEL DENNISON is entitled also the "Autobiography of a Country Apothecary;" and the story is so entirely natural and truth-like, that we cannot class it with works of invention. On the contrary, it seems to us to be a fine recollection of real persons and things, observed in the youthful days of the estimable author, in the north of England; and as a picture of the feelings and manners of the generation preceding our own, a delightful contribution to our polite literature. We cannot treat the characters as fictions, but must perforce take a human interest in all their trials and vicissitudes. And let us add, that the eccentric squire is an extraordinarily well-drawn portrait; and all that moves around him and within his influence form a group than which it is difficult to imagine any circle of human beings more perfectly described. The other tale is equally good, and perhaps even more characteristic; and the publication for its own genuine qualities deserves a hearty reception from the public, and one still more so, as it is the last memorial of the good, amiable, and intellectual Barbara Hoffman.

Cæsar Borgia; a Historical Romance. By the Author of "Whitefriars." 3 vols. Colburn.

We are prepared to welcome the author of *Whitefriars*, because he always has a good round tale to deliver, and a good unvarnished method of delivering it. He does not appear to write as if he might be thought to be exhausted if too long an interval elapsed between his works, but evidently puts his pen to paper because he has something to communicate; and in consequence we find that he is always worth attention, were it only for his life-like way of putting things before his readers, and a fulness of matter and an earnestness of purpose which would atone for many minor faults. Like a coachman who holds his horses well in hand, he keeps all his characters constantly moving, so that there is no pausing "to return" to some one who had stopped still while all the rest were hastening on.

In the present case the incidents are numerous, and crowd closely on one another without a pause. There is also much force in the descriptions, though too minute in regard to the personal appearances of the different actors, and occasionally verging upon the ludicrous and extravagant. But the drama is vigorously filled with the Borgias, Pope, Cæsar and Lucretia; with the Orsini, the Colonna, and other fierce and wily movers in the bloody Italian struggles of the age; and with Machiavel, and Professors of the black art, and Poisoners not more inhuman than that cold calculator of crimes. The whole leads you along through marvellous intrigues, adventures, butcheries, plots and treasons; and "if so be" that they are of the class of romantic exaggerations, they nevertheless exhibit real traces of the iniquitous conflict, and do not suffer the attention to flag on them. There is also some indifferent poetry, and one translation which ought not to have appeared. Fra Bruno is the finest conception in the work, and from first to last the best example of the author's powers.

John of England; a Historical Romance. By Henry Curling. 3 vols. Bentley.

This is a singular historical romance. Although

we have no reason to believe the author's knowledge of human nature profound, as none of his characters have any very distinctive traits; or his love of clearness remarkable, as his mysteries are most mysteriously solved, we must acknowledge that his work is readable. Containing many incongruities, it has yet much energy and spirit; although almost without moral, yet the end is just what justice dictates it should be; if it has no magnificent design to strike the reader, it has at least sufficient interest to please him; and notwithstanding painful minuteness in describing manners, times, and places, the *dénouement* is so well concealed, and expectation kept alive, that he must be a very hardened devourer of novels who can find no pleasure in the incidents narrated, or excitement in the plot so dashing sketch of. We must, at the same time, be suffered to remark, that an author is not qualified for modern novel-writing if he cannot make the reader fancy himself a witness of an acted drama: there should be no pages thrown away on mere description, and as little interposing of the author between auditor and players as is possible: there should be condensation and compression in the style, dignity without formality in the speeches, probability yet boldness in the incidents, and freedom from conventionality of any species in the sentiments. Mr. Curling would do well to study closely how he may avoid the onerous position of interpreter to his productions. To give the incidents in *John of England* would be against our rule; and we need only notice, that the received history is implicitly followed, of the king, queen, Hubert, Arthur, and Falconbridge, except that the king is made to kill Arthur with his own hand. We cannot tell if Mr. Curling has read much of our early or modern poets; if he has, he retains marvellous little of their poetry in comparison of the quantity he repeats from Shakespeare. One gets quite weary of his pertinacity at pulling in the unfortunate Swan of Avon in almost every two pages under some pretence or other. He is now the "bard of time," now "our poet," now "our immortal poet," and so forth. His chapters (all but three) have Shakespearean mottoes; and he sometimes borrows a description from him where he is unwilling to write one himself. This is hardly fair; for he has no right to make Shakespeare his *locum tenens*, and he does so effectually, by quoting no one else. King John is over-blackened; the allusions, too, to Arthur's sufferings are rather too palpable. But altogether Mr. Curling displays some good stuff; and if he will only study severely enough to eradicate the bad, we shall be happy to welcome him in this field of literature the next time he chooses to enter it: meantime we have only to commend our readers to his present story.

Walter Hamilton: a Novel. By Mrs. C. D. Burdett, author of "English Fashionables Abroad," &c. 3 vols. T. C. Newby.

A PERFORMANCE of rather more than the usual novel interest in regard to story—involving its *dramatis personæ* in forgeries, penal trials, condemnations, duels, &c. &c., and carrying on the interest in these events to the last—and also written with sufficient talent to please the class of readers to which such productions are now, we fancy, more exclusively than ever addressed. The characters are chiefly Irish; the females in the upper ranks better drawn and with more feminine tact and feeling than any of the rest, among whom we have the common almost idiot boy, and other devotedly attached individuals belonging to the inferior orders in society. Without therefore possessing any original features, or aspiring to the top of the Novel Parnassus, we may say *Walter Hamilton* is a very readable work of its kind; and taking a view of the whole mountain, with more of the region below than above it.

NATURAL HISTORY.

Introduction to Zoology, for the Use of Schools. By Robert Patterson, Vice-President of the Natural History and Philosophical Society of Belfast, &c. Part I. *Invertebrate Animals.* Pp. 194. London, Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.; Edinburgh, Oliver and Boyd; Dublin, J. Cumming; Belfast, Simms and M'Intyre.

THE transactions of the Natural History Section at the meetings of the British Association, besides many publications and contributions to the Science, attested as they are by the names of members of the same Society with Mr. Patterson, shew how earnestly and successfully it is cultivated at Belfast. We know not that we would except London itself, the head-quarters of all the scientific pursuits in the empire, as excelling the admitted progress in every walk of its study and improvement which may be vouched for on behalf of this provincial town in the far north of Ireland. Among the gentlemen who have distinguished themselves in this honourable career, our author is one of the foremost; and though his present task may be considered to be one of the more useful and instructive, rather than of the philosophical and theoretical class, it is nevertheless executed in such a manner as to reflect great credit on the attainments of the school to which he belongs. The information it contains is clearly put forward; and (judging from the first part) will embrace all that has been established in the existing state of our knowledge. Those conversant with the subject will thus find it treated in a way worthy of their approbation, whilst the unlearned will be attracted to it by its popular descriptiveness, and multitude (170) of illustrative plates. And need we repeat our frequent theme, the praise of this branch of science? Need we dwell on the facility with which many of its objects can be approached by all ranks of society, enough to occupy their attention and gratify their minds? From the child to the octogenarian, in city or country, it for ever presents matter, the mere consideration of which is not only a fine element in education, but a source of most innocent and rational enjoyment, of high influence in training the mind to the love of truth, and to habits of independent research.

Hoping to see natural history made a more regular portion of every system of tuition, exercising, as the author justly remarks, the observant and reflective powers, we can truly say, that a better guide than the present could not be furnished for it. The four classes of radiata, or rayed animals; the three classes of articulate, or articulated animals; the class crustacea; the class insects; the class spiders, and the mollusca, are all described and figured so as to satisfy the scientific, and be perfectly intelligible to every capacity. We cannot recommend the work more than it deserves.*

OLD ENGLISH SCENERY.

Pictures of Country Life, and Summer Rambles in Green and Shady Places. By Thomas Miller. Pp. 363. London, D. Bogue.

ENGLAND, as we have already shewn, does not boast a writer more competent to reveal, and teach his reader to revel with him, in the calm delights and sylvan scenes of the country, than Thomas Miller. He has the early experience of Bloomfield and the poetical feeling of Thomson. The boy is father to the man in minute knowledge and enthusiastic worship. A primrose or a daisy is every thing to him: a nook of Nature a wide world to expatiate upon.

Feeling this, we grieved to remark a string struck in the preface, page x, which had nothing

* Since writing the foregoing, a fortnight ago, we learn, with much satisfaction, that the Board of National Education for Ireland have adopted this work for the use of their schools. Looking at the published Report, Dec. 31, 1845, we observe that the number of these schools then in actual operation was no fewer than 3426, and the children attending them 432,844. The importance of natural history as a part of elementary instruction has long been recognised on the continent, and we are glad to see introduced throughout Ireland.—Ed. L. G.

in unison with the concords of sweet sounds we anticipated from the title; and our regret was increased by finding far too much in the text of the same dissonant character. To compassionate the poor and upraise the lowly, to heal the wounded and defend the oppressed, is the duty of every man and Christian. But if they were cold, we would try to help them with a sack of coals, and not a barrel of gunpowder; if they were ragged or naked, we would carry clothes to their wretchedness, and not swords or pikes; if they were hungry, we should bring them food, and not adjurations to robbery; and if they were sad with their sore trials, we would do our utmost to procure them earthly comfort and divine consolation, not plunge them deeper into evil, and excite them to blood-shedding and vengeance. The line may be difficult to draw; but there can be no mistake in the excess. We have too much of the preaching of discontent, and too little of the honest effort to remove its cause: we have too much fierce denunciation of the classes above want, and too little means employed to enable the suffering multitude below to raise themselves into that sphere of sufficient anxiety and trouble, but yet of comparative comfort.

Pull down, is the motto of radicalism and revolution; raise up, is the doctrine of pure philanthropy and the love of our kind.

Our trust is, to see the millions now doomed to exigences pitiable to behold, redeemed (and speedily too) from their degradation and sorrows, by means compatible with order and the general weal; and sure we are, that to arouse every evil passion, and preach brute force, are evoking curses on them and ruin on the nation. Throughout the land at the present day, and from every rank and quarter, we hear but one language—that of sympathy for the poor. It is acknowledged that their condition is not what it ought to be; and that it behoves the government, and the people aiding the government, to ameliorate and improve it. And words spoken to millions, awaking hopes in their breasts, must be closely followed by deeds. Already the just observer can discern many movements in the right direction; and it is the bounden duty of the true patriot to laud and encourage these till the partial become the universal. He is no patriot, nor friend to the "lower orders," nor endowed with sense and judgment, who goes about to depreciate every kindly act, and inflame animosities out of every casual wrong. Blessed is the Peace-maker!

On our earth the trail of the serpent and the imprint of evil are every where. The gorgeous palace is not exempt from them: luxury, like labour, has its afflictions. For ourselves we would say, that seeking the literary-contemplative or actually recreative solace of the country, with its green and shady places, we want to have nothing to do, far less to be engrossed, with kings, politics, Punch, crime, tyranny, punishment, noble-minded poachers, illustrious gipsies, heroic mendicants, nefarious magistrates. Such may disfigure the landscape; but as there are always two sides to a question, so are there two modes of describing the persons and matters so one-sidedly represented. Your poacher may turn out to be a dissolute profligate, hardly disinclined from murder; your gipsy, a thief familiar with hen-roosts, sheep-pastures, and larders; your heroic mendicant, an idle and sturdy beggar, who would rather do any thing than work; and your stern magistrate a truly benevolent person. There are beings of both kinds: let us, then, in fairness, separate the good from the bad, give censure where censure is deserved, give honour where honour is due, and give Charity to All.

How sweetly can Miller paint the harmony which reigns in the beautiful and quiet solitudes of rural England! Why disturb them, if perchance a beggar accidentally cross their mind-refreshing and holy precincts? Why hunt for the thorns and the thistles when we are called out to enjoy the fruits and the flowers?

This volume is charmingly illustrated; and we offer one quotation to prove how the author can speak to the imagination and the heart, when he fortunately forsakes his too fervent ebullitions when naturally stung with indignation against oppression, and pity for the oppressed. The scene and characters belong to his favourite haunt, Sherwood Forest:

"Several of the old names which we meet with in ancient ballads have descended to families who are living in the present day on the borders of Sherwood Forest; and amongst these the Scarletts boast of their ancestry from the Saxons, and still recount many a deed done by their forefathers in the days of Robin Hood. The cottage in which their descendants still live, as you may see even from this distance, bears traces of great antiquity; and the hooks which are driven into the massy oaken rafters have, no doubt, borne the weight of many a well-fed deer. The raised hearth and the old andirons belong to another age; and an antiquary would be tempted to go on his knees to examine the iron-fastenings of the door. Look on those quaint twisted chimneys, which arrest every stranger's gaze as he threads his way through the gorge, and fern, and heather, that grow knee-deep on the edge of the forest, and over which we might wander for many long miles. In this cottage, forty years ago, was Hubert Scarlett born; for the eldest son had ever been called Hubert through many generations. Like his forefathers, he was brought up a forester; for, from the time of Charles, the lords of the soil had judged wisely in selecting their verdurers and agisters from a family who had been nursed amid herds of deer, and by some kind of instinct seemed created only to become either their guardians or destroyers. Hubert, when a boy, accompanied his father in his wild forest-walks, until, like him, he knew every wild avenue of the forest, and no marvel that a bow and arrow were his delight; and although he was prohibited from feathering his shafts at bucks and does, he was allowed to 'deal death' amongst the wild rabbits, and many a white tail did he lay low.

"The blood of the ancient outlaws ran strong in his veins; he loved the forest better than he did his home; and he would sit for hours by the wood-side, listening to the 'belling' of the harts. He knew every gipsy that encamped in the neighbourhood; and many a night, when his parents thought he was safe in bed, had he lowered himself from his cottage window and returned to the gipsy camp, joined in their songs, and shared their supper—the last of which he often provided. Singing and smoking he became perfect in no time, nor was he long in learning their peculiar dialect. Had they a vicious donkey to break in, Hubert was the first to mount him. He was the very idol of the gipsies, and through exposure to the sun and air, he soon became as brown as the darkest descendant of Boswell's tribe. Right proud was old Hubert of his son, while his mother, in secret, heaved for him many a sigh. Sometimes he was missing for a fortnight together, but then he was with Boswell, or Israel, or Jael, or Dedemiah; and he would return with the next tribe who came to encamp in the forest. His father was sure to find him either swinging asleep in a pannier, or astride of the donkey most celebrated for his kicking propensities. Then he had chased badgers, and hunted otters, and climbed such trees after squirrels, that you marvelled, after hearing of his exploits, he was still there to recount them: the lad seemed to bear a charmed life. As he grew up, he became tinker, and chair-bottomer, and basket-maker. He could play the fiddle at a country-feast, climb the pole for a new hat, run a race in a sack, or ride a donkey round the course, and wrestle and fight with any one, although a stone heavier than himself. A finer built young fellow than Hubert Scarlett never stood in a pair of shoes. Neither was he by nature quarrelsome; when he fought, it was always to take part with the weakest side: if he could not make peace, he made war;

and wherever his tall head was seen, there victory was sure to alight—men fell before him like nine-pins before a practised player. But if carried away by drink, or quarrelling in a wrong cause, or even in the midst of the *mêlée*, an olive-coloured hand was placed upon his shoulder, or one voice, sweet as a nightingale's, but whispered 'Hubert,' his arms fell, and he was at her side—that one was Jael, the gipsy's daughter.

"Strange power had that beautiful girl over the swarthy son of the old forester; her dark piercing eyes acted upon him like a spell; he became like Samson, bound and asleep in the lap of Delilah, until her own voice aroused him. He knew not love by name; he felt that her gentle spirit held a sway over him, that he could do nothing which gave her pain; that when he had forgotten himself, he could not look into her face without the colour deepening the tint of his bronzed cheek. Like the tiger at the feet of his tamer, he quailed beneath her glance when he had done wrong. Wherein lay her power?—she who had never slept under any other covering saving her own tent; who had clutched the drawn knife in a brawl, and sat unmoved amid the discord; who had visited her companions in grated prisons, and foretold future events until she half believed in her own predictions, so clearly had she learned to read the human countenance—where lay the spell by which she conquered Hubert? Was it her noble nature, mysteriously blended with his when they were but children? when she checked his arm as he aimed at the only chanticleer which some poor cottager possessed, or made him leave behind the apples he had stolen from some orchard; dismount the pony he found in a lonely lane; and leave alive the lamb, at whose innocent throat his knife was pointed; when she stepped in and received the blow he aimed at another, nor wept at the pain inflicted until they were alone, while he sat beside her, hanging his head in guilty silence, though the forgiving pressure of her hand burned through his brain, until he leaned upon her shoulder, and wept like a child; and they went again hand-in-hand through the green-lanes, while she, with the voice of a siren, sang her sweetest songs, and he gathered her the ripest berries from the hedges, cut weeds that she might kneel down and drink at the clearest spring, and vowed from his heart that he would never again cause a tear to dim her dark and beautiful eyes? She seemed like another Miranda in the 'Tempest.'

"And Jael moved through the stormy elements of that wild life like the moon along a cloudy sky; her brightness sometimes hidden, but never totally obscured. She glided over the patches of darkness in mournful silence, burying her brilliancy with regret, and smiling all the sweeter when her silvery face again appeared. Her love for Hubert diminished not, even when a stain had settled down upon his name; when he fled and believed himself a murderer, although it was an upright struggle between man and man, and he left the gamekeeper who had endeavoured to make him prisoner bleeding and senseless in the forest. She hovered about the spot until she was satisfied that the wounded man would recover; then left her tribe alone, and in the night, and went in search of Hubert. Many a weary league did she wander; through wild woods and over pathless moors, inquiring at every hamlet, hostel, and thorp by which she passed; until at last she found him among a recruiting party, on the eve of being marched off to his regiment. The massive gold ear-rings which had been worn by her grandmother purchased his freedom, in spite of the prediction, which threatened destruction to her tribe whenever those antique trinkets were sold or lost. Though she trembled as she recalled the prophecy, still love prevailed; his happiness was to her beyond the value of gold.

"They hid themselves among the discarded gangs of her own race; known horse-stealers, who had broken out of gaol; men who would as soon

have slaughtered the shepherd (had he interfered) as the sheep they stole and consumed at a meal; and they were not betrayed. And many a time did the tear steal unconsciously down Jael's cheek, when, by the crackle of the midnight fire, which blazed in the untrodden and innermost depths of the forest, she beheld the drinking-horn which Hubert held, waving high above the cups of his companions, and heard his rich mellow voice swelling the chorus, as 'under the greenwood tree' they chanted some downright gipsy song.

"After a time the affray with the gamekeeper was forgotten, although rumour whispered that the little hoard which old Hubert had saved by the servitude of many years was seriously diminished in silencing justice, who, though blind, is still sculptured with an open hand. Jael became the wife of Hubert; and never did the moon look down in her earlier age upon wilder pranks than were that night played in the solitudes of old Sherwood, when every echo seemed to lend its voice to celebrate their marriage. But Jael shared not the mad carnival; the nightingale sang her to rest, and the wild rose shed its blossoms above her tent as she slept; while the mother of Hubert watched over her as she closed her eyes in sorrow. Would he still obey her who had now become a sworn subject to his way? were thoughts which lay cold upon her heart; and she prayed, unaware, until she sank asleep, her spirit hovering between heaven and Hubert. Vain were the offers of old Hubert Scarlett to give up his cottage and his rangerish to his son; though married, a gipsy life was still his choice, and his beautiful wife was a true daughter of the forest: still there were moments when the gentle heart of Jael, like that of Ruth of old, sometimes yearned for the home of her mother-in-law; for she was ever kind to her gipsy daughter. But they had youth, and health, and love on their side, and every green forest in merry England was to them a home.

"Many a moon had waxed and waned. Spring trod upon the heels of winter, and the violet threw out its perfume where the deep snow-drift had gathered. The rich garment of summer lost its velvet greenness, and wore itself down into the faded yellow of autumn, and then the winds came and blew the threadbare remnants away. The earth had many a time arrayed herself in her gayest robes, and put on her choicest chaplet of flowers, and gone to play for days in the sunshine; then, wearied, slept out her winter's sleep, until the twitter of the swallow again awoke her. And during all these changes Hubert and Jael lived happily together. Braced by the forest air, their children were light on foot as fallow-deer, and hardy as the mountain heather. They ran out in the rain to wet themselves, then chased the wind across the moor until they were dry. Cold but made them harder; the summer sun only deepened the bronze on their olive cheeks. The bough that sheltered the bird was roof enough for them until the storm passed over; they nestled in the fox's den, and hid themselves in the wide burrows of the rabbit warren. But the young gipsy mother bore not the brunt of the warring elements like her husband and children; though the wild thyme and heather still threw the same sweet odour around her tent, yet she now felt the cold night-dew which they were imperilled. The barking of the fox in the wood, and the crowing of the red cock from the distant grange, as he counted the watches of the night, too often startled her from her fitful slumber. The wind which before played with her dark tresses and she felt it not, as she sat by the camp fire in the twilight, now caused her to draw the hood of her red cloak more closely around her head; and she who would before walk over twenty miles of ground in a short day, with a child at her back, was now compelled to ride short stages on the donkey, which it was once her pride to drive. This change escaped not the fond eye of Hubert, and many a deep sigh did he heave when alone. He selected the sunniest and breeziest spot for his

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encampment, and proposed giving up the wandering life to return to the home of his fathers. But when Jael's eyes alighted on her children at their gambols on the open heath, and thought how happy she herself had been at their age—when, free and unfettered, she went singing through the green lanes like a bird, when the nightingale hymned her lullaby, and the lark-carolled beneath the opening eyelids of the morn—her heart pleaded for their freedom, and she looked up to the blue vault beneath which her forefathers had walked erect for so many generations, and felt how greatly its grandeur exceeded the low-roofed habitation of man. Another autumn came, and sowed the forest paths with fallen leaves. The cold east-wind blew like the forerunner of winter: the low, leaden sky rained heavily; the earth was fetid and damp; and for three days Jael had never arisen from her heather-bed beneath the tent, nor had Hubert once quitted her side. The children sat mute and sorrowful before the rain-extinguished fire of the camp, saving the eldest daughter, who rose every now and then to administer to her mother's wants. Hubert had begged of his wife to allow him to hasten to the nearest town and call in the aid of a physician.

"You were always kind," answered Jael, uttering the words with difficulty, "but Nature has ever been the restorer of our race. The leech cannot stay the approach of the dark angel. I have tried every healing herb in which my forefathers had faith. My race is nearly run." And she clasped his hand, as if she sought forgiveness for opposing his kind wishes. "Your will shall be mine, dear Jael," answered the husband, while a tear stole down his brown manly cheek, pausing in its course, as if lost amongst those strange tearless furrows. "Would to God that I might die with you! Your gentle voice, which has so many times pleaded for me on earth, would win me an entrance into heaven. The avenging angel would not separate us, if you knelt and pleaded for me on that holy threshold." And his big heart heaved as if it would burst. The lips of Jael moved, although she spoke not; but with clasped hands and closed eyes, she seemed holding communion with Heaven, and no sound was heard but the rain and the measured roar of the forest trees, as the wind blew and paused at intervals, and mingled with the stifled sobbings of Hubert. The children sat muffled together without the tent, in the cold and blinding rain. At length Jael said,—"We shall all meet again in heaven! I have never felt well since little Japhet died, Hubert, and now he lies asleep with his sister." "A sleep which the roaring of the old oaks will never awaken him from," answered her husband. "I sometimes dream that he still lies in my arms, and forget that he is dead, and try to take his little hand in mine. But thou sayest he is an angel now, and thou art wiser and better than I am." "I have felt the cold night wind blow upon the spot nearest my heart, where his little head was wont to lie," replied Jael, breathing heavily between each syllable; "and I miss that soothing murmur in his sleep, which sounded like a swarm of summer bees. But let us not envy Heaven! God beckoned him back to the home from whence he came. Last night he appeared unto me a white-winged messenger; I saw him smiling through my tears, and I knew that my hours were numbered. He held out his little arms to embrace me." Again she clasped her hands, and her lips moved in silence; and she sank into a deep sleep, from which the morning light never awoke her more.

"She will not hear the tempest rave,
Nor moaning, household shelter crave
From autumn winds that beat her grave."

"Reader, shouldst thou ever wander on the border of Sherwood Forest, on the southern side of Oakdale, thou wilt see three hillocks at the foot of a majestic oak; the larger one is marked with a plain headstone, on which thou mayst read the following simple inscription: 'To the Memory of Jael the Gipsy.'"

Look before you Leap; or, Wooings and Weddings; a Comedy, &c. By G. W. Lovell, author of "The Provost of Bruges," "Love's Offering," "The Trustee" (a Novel). London, National Acting Drama Office.

HAVING, however briefly, described the merits of this play as witnessed upon the Haymarket stage, cast in a manner which (as we hinted), did much to remind us of good old dramatic times, we need only say of its publication that it reads nearly as well as it acts—a rare quality in comic writing. We take some pride to ourselves in having found and foreseen in the author's former productions the bases of a literary reputation, which we believe this comedy is only enlarging and widening; for with mind and invention he combines so much of taste and judgment, that he never can do any of an inferior kind, or unworthy of the public. There may be inequalities; that is to say, some of his works may rise higher in the scale than others; but none will detract from the genius displayed in the *Provost of Bruges*, nor from the skill and interest with which the novel of *The Trustee* was constructed. On the appearance of the latter we think the *Literary Gazette* spoke more decidedly of its desert than any other critical publication; and we were, we confess, disappointed that, though a considerable first impression was soon sold off, a second edition was not called for or deemed expedient. Mr. Lovell may now command greater success whenever he pleases, and in whatever style he chooses to write; and we heartily congratulate him on arriving at something like a fair reward for his literary labours.

Glenny's Garden Almanack and Florist's Directory for 1847. By the Editor of "The Gardener's Gazette," and published at the Office of that Journal.

THIS Annual appears to contain every thing which the practical gardener or amateur can desire. Directions for the whole year's management; lists of show-flowers and fruits; London and provincial nurseries; and all other sorts of useful information, whether especially for gardening, or generally for useful purposes, are put together in a ready manner for reference; and the book is as cheap as if it had had neither pains, labour, nor intelligence bestowed upon it.

The Legal Practitioner. No. 1. R. Hastings. Has begun a publication whose object is to form a complete supplement to the works on practice. As far as we can judge, it promises to be useful to the profession, and likely to convey serviceable information to the public at large.

Parts I. II. III. of Rowland Bradshaw, by the author of "Raby Rattler" (Sherwood and Co.), and apparently much in the same style for the railway-reading of the day.

Handbook round Jerusalem, &c. By the Rev. J. Blackburn, M.A. Pp. 126. Rivingtons. A COMPANION to the model, but valuable by itself, as a most minute topographical description of the holy city. When shall we have a handbook to Timbuctoo?

Notes on Epidemic Cholera, &c. By R. Hartley Kennedy. Pp. 279. Smith, Elder, and Co. OUR favourable opinion of this work having been expressed, we need only say that we rejoice in its being confirmed by so early a call for a second edition.

A Statement of Facts respecting the Cause of Smith v. the Earl Ferrers. Pp. 66. Ollivier.

MISS SMITH, the plaintiff, who might literally be said to be non-suited both in regard to husband and law-process, has here taken up the cudgels against the ex-Attorney-general Thessiger, and endeavours to shew that she is a martyr to his legal ingenuity and talent. The writing is bitter enough, and hits right and left, besides punching away at the object in front. We leave it for the amusement of readers, only remarking that we cannot reconcile the lady's statements about Lord Tamworth's idolised and

well-remembered countenance (p. 5) in 1839, being "from her recollection believed to be him (p. 6) in 1842, though it might be somebody else;" and then the re-assertion (p. 40) of perfect recognition, with the romantic adjunct, "Do we so easily forget the countenances of those who have been so dear to us in early youth as that an absence of two or four years shall obliterate them from our memory?"

Duffy's Library of Ireland. The Works of Nicholas French, D.D. Vol. I. Dublin, Duffy; London, Simpkin and Marshall.

AN introduction gives a rather curious account of the Irish Colleges of Louvain; and after that a preface leads us to Dr. French's works, who, though Bishop of Ferns nearly two hundred years ago, breathes much of the spirit which prevails in Ireland to the present day.

Contributions to Railway Statistics in 1845. By Hyde Clarke. 8vo, pp. 28. John Weale.

AN immense amount of information in a few pages: a railroad Iliad in a nut-shell. The matter is not only useful for 1845 or 6, but will be worth reference for years to come. One of the most curious calculations is, that by sending cattle to market by rail instead of driving them, above twenty-seven millions of pounds of beef, mutton, and pork, are already economised for human food!

A Treatise on Mental Arithmetic, in Theory and Practice. By the Rev. I. Steen, R. Belfast Academical Institution. Pp. 158. London, Simpkin and Marshall.

OUR attention called to this little book by an erratum in No. 1555, has pointed it to a very useful calculating aid, both mentally and in black and white.

Zumpf's School Latin Grammar. By L. Schmitz, &c. Pp. 262. Longmans.

ADOPTED by the High School of Edinburgh is a presumptive evidence of the utility of this grammar; and we think we have seen very favourable opinions of the author's other educational works aggregated in advertisements, which would shew as if he occupied a popular position in this important respect.

A Practical Compendium of the Law and Usage of Mercantile Accounts. By Al. Pulling, Esq., barrister. Pp. 221. London, Butterworth.

THE author is already known by a very useful work on the Customs, &c. of the port of London; and this will add to his reputation as equally good and able in the more extended line of which it treats.

A Manual of Practical Draining. By H. Stephens, F.R.S.E. 8vo, pp. 144. London and Edinburgh, Blackwoods.

A VERY complete essay upon, and guide to, one of the most important operations in agriculture; without which all else is vanity and vexation of spirit, though ever so chemical and philosophical.

Scientific Dialogues, for the Instruction and Entertainment of Young People. By the Rev. J. Joyce. Pp. 436. Baldwin and Co.

THIS is a new edition, to which the more recent progressive movements in science are added, by Mr. C. V. Walker. Some of the most recent discoveries have transpired so lately that they must remain to improve future editions.

Illustrations of Eating, &c. Pp. 88. J. R. Smith. A FACETIOUS "Beef-eater" has here catered for the public appetite, and collected together an olla-podrida, or hotch-potch, about the edibles and eating of many inhabitants of the globe; of which the design is better than the execution. There are some neat woodcuts, which we understand, but not the following: "Lapland.—The Laplanders live principally upon dried fish, and the flesh of the reindeer and bear. They make a kind of bread which is composed of the pounded bones of fishes, mixed with the tender ears left as the priests' perquisites,—a sort of post-bark of the pine or birch-tree." If a schoolboy had written this, he might learn something else about the said tree.

dition for the purpose of surveying the unexplored portion of the coast at the north-eastern angle of the American continent. The expedition, which consists of thirteen persons in all (two of them Esquimaux guides), is under the command of Mr. John Roe, one of the company's officers. It started on the 5th of July, in two boats, under favourable circumstances, the ice having cleared away from the shores of the bay at an earlier period of the summer than usual. Sir J. H. Pelly had kindly added to his letter a copy of the instructions of Sir George Simpson to the commander of the expedition. These instructions were read, and are most satisfactory from their clearness and precision, and for the importance of the several objects of research to which the attention of the expedition is called. Sir J. H. Pelly's communication was received with marked satisfaction.

8. A paper on the north-west coast of Borneo, by Mr. W. S. Harvey, was then read.

9. A paper on the volcano of Saddle Island, by Lieut. Barker, communicated by the East India Company, and

10. The details of a route in a part of the Sahara, from Ghat to Tuat, direct west.

The results of Dr. Leichardt's expedition in Australia, the details of which have been already in part made public, were announced, as also the extent to which Capt. Sturt had penetrated in the interior of Australia, viz. to 24° 30' S. and 138° E. The details of the latter part of this expedition had not yet reached the Society, but the Colonial Office had obligingly promised to forward them to the Society as soon as received.

It was also announced that Lieut. Ruxton, who had intended travelling into Africa, had abandoned the idea, at least for the present, and had gone to Mexico.

The donations to the library were both numerous and valuable.

CHEMICAL SOCIETY.

Nov. 2d.—The president in the chair. 1. A note was read "On the supply of iodine from the kelp of Guernsey," by the president. The seaweed from the rocky shores is largely collected by the inhabitants of the island, as is well known, laid out to dry in the fields, and afterwards burned as fuel in their houses, the ashes being kept and used as manure. These ashes are likely to contain more iodine than ordinary kelp, from being the product chiefly of the deep-sea fuci, and from the low temperature employed in the combustion of the dried plants. This was found to be the case on testing the Guernsey kelp for iodine; and the attention of manufacturers was accordingly called to it, as a source of that article which might probably be had recourse to with profit, with the present high price of that drug.

2. "Analysis of a Peruvian alloy," by Mr. H. How. This alloy was taken from a human skull found in Peru, and supposed to be that of an ancient Peruvian chief or Inca. It consisted of gold 38.93, silver 54.82, copper 5.80. It is questionable whether this is an artificial alloy, or the crude product of a rough metallurgic process.

3. "On the gun cotton," by Mr. E. F. Teschemacher. The author stated that he entered on this subject with a view of obtaining some data as to how far the possible introduction of this substance in the place of gunpowder was likely to affect the consumption of saltpetre and nitrate of soda. The gun-cotton examined was made by Mr. Taylor's process. Fifty grains of South American cotton were dried over a water-bath, and lost 3.40 grains. It was steeped in the mixed acids, washed, dried, and found to have increased to 79 grains. The acids used were then examined, by saturating with carbonate of soda, and it was found that the cotton had taken acid equivalent to 28½ grains of soda; or 48 grains of dry nitric acid had combined with the 46.60 grains of cotton, forming the 79 grains of gun-cotton. The synthetical composition was stated as

46.60 cotton, less
15.60 water taken away by the sulphuric and nitric acids,
leaving
31.00 cotton deprived of a portion of its constituent water,
35.55 oxygen } equal to 48 nitric acid.
12.45 nitrogen }

79 parts, or

39.25 cotton deprived of a portion of water,
45.00 oxygen } equal to 60.75 nitric acid.
15.75 nitrogen }

100 parts.

Thus it would require 114.75 parts of saltpetre, or 99.10 parts of nitrate of soda, to form 100 parts of gun-cotton. Mr. Teschemacher directed attention to the large quantity of oxygen—viz. 45 parts in every 100—which must be derived for combination with the cotton. He stated that he had also experimented upon other vegetable substances, such as flax, sawdust, &c.: he found 50 grains of flax to increase in weight to 72 grains, but that the combustion of this substance was less perfect and less rapid than that of gun-cotton.

LITERARY AND LEARNED. UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

OXFORD, Nov. 12th.—The following degrees were conferred:—

Bachelor in Civil Law.—J. W. Siegg, New Inn Hall.
Masters of Arts.—P. B. Collins, Queen's College; T. A. Strong, Exeter College; Rev. P. Nunn, St. Mary Hall; grand compounders; S. Lucas, Queen's College; Rev. R. Palairat, Worcester College; Rev. C. Godby, Rev. C. Hill, Lincoln College; E. Stokes, student, R. A. Strange, Christ Church College; Rev. J. W. Distin, Pembroke College; P. C. Ellis, Jesus College; C. Holland, University College; J. Addams, St. John's College.

Bachelors of Arts.—T. Sier, St. Mary Hall; C. Hoffman, Trinity College; grand compounders; H. M. Torton, Trinity College; E. K. Lovell, E. Payle, F. Sowdon, R. G. Dangerfield, St. Mary Hall; G. G. Lawrence, Edmund Hall; P. Henderson, A. W. Cassan, J. W. Brown, New Inn Hall; W. Alford, R. Payne, W. G. Andrews, R. Baker, Magdalen Hall; C. H. Awdry, Queen's College; J. Fisher, J. W. Freeman, Worcester College; A. C. Saunders, scholar, J. L. Knowles, Pembroke College; W. L. Jones, J. S. Lee, C. P. M. Williams, C. Salisbury, Jesus College; G. Turbutt, C. S. Hogg, E. L. Clutterback, Christ Church College; F. M. Waits, Lincoln College; F. C. Gosling, W. E. Welby, T. Cholmondeley, Oriel College; R. Hayne, G. E. Cleather, Exeter College; G. A. K. Howman, R. M. Sumner, Balliol College; H. E. B. Folkes, F. R. Perry, University College.

CAMBRIDGE, Nov. 11th.—The following degrees were conferred:—

Bachelor in Civil Law.—J. Moseley, Christ's College.
Masters of Arts.—G. H. Money, Trinity College; A. K. Curtis, C. D. Gibson, St. John's College; A. Lowther, R. M. Newton, Trinity College.

Bachelors of Arts.—J. M. Valpy, F. Bliss, Trinity College; O. P. Halstead, G. Lambert, J. B. Honnywill, G. C. Mellor, W. Gips, St. John's College; H. J. Dodsworth, Sidney College; P. W. Adey, Trinity Hall; P. French, St. Peter's College; F. B. Burridge, Queen's College.

Ad eundem.—A. F. W. Shadwell, M.A., Balliol College, Oxford.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

Nov. 19th.—Lord Mahon in the chair. After the preliminary business of the meeting, the president read a letter from Mr. Albert Way, announcing that, in consequence of his having taken up his residence in the country, and therefore of his not being able to attend the meetings, he had resigned the office of Director. Mr. Pettigrew asked if the resignation included his seat at the council; and was answered from the chair in the negative. Mr. Pettigrew then pointed out the extreme inconvenience of such a proceeding, which was a virtual depriving of the society of its just freedom of election, as a place in the council was necessary to the office, and by giving up an office without making a vacancy in the council, the society must either choose its officer out of eleven persons, none of whom might be fit for it, or remain without an officer till the next annual meeting. In the present case this was extremely embarrassing, when every one ought to seize the opportunity of making such an election as would restore harmony to the society. The president made some remarks which shewed that he felt fully the embarrassment in which the society was placed, and stated that it was his wish, as far as in him lay, to give the fullest freedom of election to the society, and that he had no doubt

some way of doing this would be found. We cannot but think there is some mistake as to Mr. Way's intentions; and that, when he is made aware of it, he will immediately relieve the society from its embarrassment, or that some member of the council will voluntarily retire.

After this matter was disposed of, exhibitions were made by Mr. Walter Hawkins, of a pellet of lead, of which he promises a description for the next meeting; and by Mr. Dawson Turner, of an impression of the matrix of a monastic seal recently found near Norwich. A paper by Mr. Foss was read on the history of the chancellors of England, the object of which was, as far as we could hear it, to shew that considerable mistakes had been made by Mr. Duffus Hardy and others with regard to this subject, and to give a more correct list of the English chancellors than they had given.

BRITISH ARCHEOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION.

Nov. 13th.—The first public meeting in the new room was well attended; and after the chairman had read the list of fourteen new elections of associates, Mr. Wright made some observations on the historical interest of documents exhibited by Mr. Hearn of the Isle of Wight, already mentioned as having been laid before the council. Mr. Wright also exhibited on the part of Mr. W. P. Hunt, of Ipswich, two rent-rolls of that town, of the thirteenth century; and pointed out their importance as illustrating certain points of the early history of towns in general, and especially of that of Ipswich.

Mr. E. B. Price exhibited a fragment of a Roman sepulchral stone discovered during the recent excavation in Cloak Lane, London. Its mutilated condition rendered vain the attempt to form an opinion as to the original inscription; but one circumstance was pointed out as worthy of remark, that the material of this stone is Purbeck marble, instead of the oolitic stone of which most of the Roman monuments appear to be formed.

Mr. Purdew exhibited a drawing of a bridge, supposed to be Roman, about a quarter of a mile east of Bothwell Kaugh, on the line of the ancient Watling Street. It is still in good preservation; and the stones are neatly hewn, and well put together.

Mr. Croker read a paper by Mr. Lindsay, of Cork, on the bracteate and other early coins of Ireland. The object of this very able paper, which it would be impossible to give in an abridged form and without illustrations, is, to combat the notion held by Mr. Petrie that the bracteate coins in Ireland are of a very early date. Mr. Lindsay shews most successfully that they are rude copies of the coins of the earlier Anglo-Norman kings, and that they were in all probability struck subsequent to the Anglo-Norman invasion of Ireland.

Dr. Lhotsky exhibited a drawing of the singular sculptures on a Norman font preserved in the church of Stow in Buckinghamshire; and made a series of observations on the character of the figures there represented, and on the mystical significance that might be attached to them. Dr. Lhotsky's observations went to shew, that these representations had some connexion with the Templars and their mysterious tenets, which latter were supposed to be a mixture of eastern paganism with Christianity.

Mr. Wright observed, upon this paper, that the notion of the sculptures on various old buildings, and on some other medieval articles, being connected with the secret worship of the Templars was not new, having been published in a long and interesting article, by the Baron von Hammer, some years ago, in the *Fundgruben des Orients*, and stated anew in a more recent work, occasioned by the discovery of some curious sculptured caskets, the figures of which seemed to represent something like Bacchic ceremonies, and the ornaments of which were copies of Cufic inscriptions so little corrupted that the baron was able to read them without much difficulty. Other instances might be shewn in which the medieval artists had

taken Cufic inscriptions for arabesque ornaments,—a thing very easily done by those ignorant of their real character; and there seems no reason for doubting that some of the old Sabian tenets and rites were preserved in parts of Syria to a late period, and perhaps they are not totally extirpated at the present day. Mr. Wright, however, was of opinion, that a large quantity of the singular and apparently inexplicable sculptures and paintings we find in the middle ages, are nothing more than bungling copies of Roman monuments, and especially of engraved stones, of which great numbers were collected in these times, and preserved by the clergy and others. A great proportion of these engraved gems, belonging to a late period, were of that class which has commonly received the name of Abraxas, the similarity of which to some of the medieval sculptures was undeniable. Mr. Wright also observed, that there was a strong tendency in the medieval artists, perhaps arising from their want of skill, to imitate what was coarse and grotesque rather than that which was delicate and beautiful; and that this probably accounted for their choice on the present occasion.

Mr. Syers Cuming made some observations on the same subject, and suggested that some of the medieval sculptures in question, especially the dragons, might be taken from northern mythology; which was followed by a discussion on the zoological character of the animals on the singular piece of sculpture then exhibited, some of which had been described as saurian animals,—a discussion (of a somewhat desultory character), in which Dr. Lhotsky, Mr. Richardson the geologist, Mr. Wright, and others, took part. Mr. Wright said that he had no doubt whatever that many strange medieval legends of dragons and other animals, which mostly haunted caves and rocks, had arisen from the accidental discovery in quarrying of saurian and other remnants of an older world; and gave an instance or two from early chronicles of such legends, which had undoubtedly a geological origin.

Mr. Williams exhibited a rubbing of a very large brass from St. Alban's; but the different discussions of the evening had already continued until so late an hour, that this, and a number of other communications, were necessarily deferred until the next meeting.

THE ARCHEOLOGICAL INSTITUTE.

THE Institute held its first monthly meeting on the 6th; Mr. Hawkins, of the British Museum, in the chair. An able paper "On the history of carving in ivory, stone, or wood," by Sir R. Westmacott, was read in the absence of the writer; and many specimens of the schools of Germany, Italy, England, &c., were exhibited. Mr. W. Brougham described some human remains recently discovered in Brougham Church, with one spur attached, and supposed to be those of a knight templar. The single spur led to a conversation, in which it was suggested that it might have been worn as a talisman. Fine Roman tessellated pavements, at Aldborough, Yorkshire, and at Hadstock near Audley End, and Chesterford in Essex, were severally mentioned by Mr. A. Lawson, and the Hon. Mr. Neville; the excavations into which it is proposed to continue, so as to exhume what valuable relics they may have preserved. Mr. Lawson's tessellated pavement was stated to be of a beautiful pattern; and a British coin, of a type hitherto unknown, found among the pottery at Chesterford.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK:—

Monday.—Geographical, 8½ P.M.; Medical, 8 P.M.
Tuesday.—Medical and Chirurgical, 8½ P.M.; Zoological, 8 P.M.
Thursday.—Royal, 8½ P.M.; Antiquaries, 8 P.M.; Royal Society of Literature, 4 P.M.
Friday.—Philological, 8 P.M.
Saturday.—Royal Botanic, 3½ P.M.; Westminster Medical, 8 P.M.

FINE ARTS.

THE WELLINGTON GROUP.

A VERY old subscriber suggests as the "best site for the Wellington group, that point of ground opposite Apsley House which divides the royal drive called 'Rotten Row' from the carriage drive towards the Serpentine; which would only require the taking up some of the trees planted a year or two ago—affording an uninterrupted view of the front and both sides of the group, in the most conspicuous spot in Hyde Park, and allowing a good sight of the details, which, it is said, will well bear a close inspection." [For the truth of the latter *on dit* we will pledge our own judgment, backed by the opinion of some of the most eminent artists, and accomplished equestrians in the kingdom.—*Ed. L. G.*]

We have been much amused with the many intelligences in the public prints respecting the taking down of this group, the reasons why, and the causes of its being removed from the arch after it was placed upon it. As Lord North said on another occasion, it is a good thing to be in the secret; and our readers will perhaps join in our laugh when we inform them, that before the statue was set up, it was determined that it should come down. The applications for the opinions of R. A. Jockeys was a mere farce, and had nothing to do with the result; and the opinion of the Institute of British Architects, a greater farce of their own volunteering. And now for the proof. On the day preceding the erection of the group, a very proper communication was conveyed to Windsor, and Prince Albert's secretary was informed of the contemplated proceeding, with an intimation that he should lay the matter before the Prince, should he consider it right to do so. The reply of this confidential servant (and we know how short a way such personages will go unless they are on certain grounds) was, that he did not think it worth while to trouble his Royal Highness, especially as the statue would be taken down in three weeks!!

The Gallery of Scripture Engravings, Historical and Landscape; with Descriptions, Historical, Geographical, and Pictorial. By John Kitto, D.D., F.S.A., Editor of the "Cyclopedia of Biblical Literature," &c. Pp. 132. Fisher, Son, and Co. SIXTY-four engravings adorn this interesting "Gallery;" nearly every specimen deserving our praise, but the following executed in a style to merit indeed a very high eulogy: 1. "Corinth, from the Acrocinthus, Greece;" drawn by Major Irton; engraved by R. Brandard. 2. "The Cup in Benjamin's Sack;" drawn by Guercino; engraved by G. Presburg. 3. "The Monastery of Santa Saba, in the Wilderness of Ziph;" drawn by T. Allom; engraved by T. Bradshaw. 4. "Smyrna, from the Harbour;" drawn by T. Allom; engraved by J. C. Bentley. These form as beautiful examples of art, and of themselves worth four times the price of the copiously embellished volume in which they appear. To the general popularity of scriptural subjects, therefore, they superadd the attractions of admirable engraving, bestowed upon pictures of a first-rate description, whether from old masters, or the genius of native living artists.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

FRANCE.

Paris, Nov. 17, 1846.

THE other day M. Mery and his unfortunate dramatic *début* was our theme. Since then, five days afterwards, our *romantiques* met with a fresh check in the person of one of their most eccentric and barbed chiefs, M. Theop. Gautier, who, after having been rejected by all the serious prints, has ended by locating himself in the dramatic *feuilleton* of the *Presse*. He is one of our most curious literary types, and one of those most difficult of comprehension. With limited wit and much effrontery, he has contrived to conquer the right of giving vent with impunity to all the enormities which cross his

brains. What in another man would be termed a piece of irretrievable scandal, is tolerated, nay sometimes applauded, in him. He openly preaches, without being reprehended even by the most honest, a disordered taste for physical beauty, a passion for nudity, and a brazen partiality for matter under all its forms. He would willingly bring Socrates to account for his proverbial ugliness, and give him as a valet to Aspasia. Picturesque, elegant vice he openly proclaims superior to ungainly or ill-clad virtue. Displaying, on every occasion, a few conventional terms of the atelier, a few names of colours, a few of those quick and energetic expressions by means of which artists endeavour to convey their peculiar impressions, he has ended by persuading himself that he is a connoisseur in painting, a dilettante in musical matters—in short, a professed judge in all questions that appertain to art; while the ignorant masses, easily taken by outward semblance, and easily mystified, accept as a critic a man without any knowledge whatever, and whose instinct may be justly mistrusted, since he is both short-sighted and deaf to a considerable extent. This does not prevent him from emitting his judgment—and with what assurance!—on all that is seen or heard. O wonder-working talk! O marvellous effect of rhetoric! O rare effrontery on one side, and rare credulity on the other!

M. Theop. Gautier, then, has persuaded himself that, having written for the Opera the *libretti* of two ballets, and for the Theatre of the Variétés a wretched skit, more or less well imitated from Molière, he might henceforth attempt the drama, the drama in five acts; and he appeared last Thursday before the public of the Porte St. Martin with a very long and very lamentable history of *La Juive de Constantine*, smitten with a French officer, and whom her father, a ferocious Rabbi, condemns to death for such delinquency. However, on the point of consummating the sacrifice, imitated from Jephthé, the Jew Nathan alters his mind, administers a narcotic to his daughter, and buries her with the usual ceremonies in a tomb, the key of which he keeps in his possession. You foresee that he will secretly restore her to liberty; but just as she emerges from the funeral cell, a Kabyle, enamoured with her, attempts to carry her off. Her cries attract her father, who stabs the ravisher. The ravisher, stabbed, but not killed, denounces to the French authorities, not the father of his inamorata, but the French officer with whom she is smitten. Is the innocent to suffer for the guilty? "that is the question."

The Jew is willing to accuse himself and save his daughter's lover, notwithstanding the rancour he bears to the latter. But the Kabyle has managed to put the Jew's daughter in the clutches of his soldiers; and if the Jew dares to speak, the unfortunate girl will be thrown from a rock into a precipice. The Jew is not deterred by this threat; the passionate Kabyle gives the signal, the Jewess is precipitated! . . . but no, 'tis not she; 'tis the sister of the Kabyle, who, enamoured with the French officer, to save him has substituted herself for her rival.

I cannot describe to you the style, both flat and inflated, the awkwardness, the ignorance of the most elementary dramatic rules which pervade this absurd and vulgar fable, which has been presented to us; nor can I describe the sibilations, the Homeric roars of laughter with which it was received and followed throughout, the groans in the midst of which the name of the author was proclaimed. But the best part of the story is, the cool assurance with which our *feuilletoniste* has attempted to judge himself and his work, very lengthily, in his weekly review of the theatres. Generally, in such a case, the task is confided to the care of a friend, who makes out your defence as best he can, extenuates the faults of the play, and extolls its best points. M. Gautier has deemed it more prudent to depend upon himself alone; and after having announced that he would castigate himself even as it is his

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went to castigate others, he has gratified us with a lengthy censure on the bad taste of the public, "*qui se croit pas à l'Algérie*," who does not understand truly great works, and who had the misfortune to judge, with its usual good sense, the unaccountable rhapsody which the adventurous critic has submitted to it.

Another good lesson for our literary dandies, and for M. Gautier in particular a warning that in future he must not, from the height of his artistical pedestal, shew himself such a contemptuous judge of those laborious workmen who are better informed than he is.

The transition is natural when from M. Gautier we pass to *tableaux* such as those with which the Cirque Olympique has gratified us for the last few days. Your friends of the Hall of Rome, of whom I spoke a short time ago, are thrown in the shade, and deep shade, by the Kellers, a family just imported from Germany. These good Germans take every thing in serious part; and once quibbled, by the feeling of the plastic art, as they term it, on the score of the indecency of their exhibitions, they have divested themselves of all shame and every piece of garment. The police, who had shewn some scruples in ordering the Professor Turnour (the English exhibitor) to place some little veiling between his actors and the public eye, has doubtless been also seized with a fine fit of enthusiasm for the nude, the innocence of the plastic art, and the right which every handsome man and every handsome woman possesses of exhibiting themselves for money in pretty nearly the same predicament, as to habillament, as our common forefather and mother in Milton's *Paradise*. The result is, that we have before our eyes statues both endowed with life and colour, divested of that complete immobility, that cold death-like pallor, which check thought and desire before the masterpieces of statuary. And the effect is so different, that when Miss Wilhelmine Keller appears to us under the appellation of "Ariadne deserted," with a belt of leaves for all apparent dress—the rest is a silken vestment, as fine and as close-fitting as could be desired; when, as I said, she appears resting on the tiger, the companion of Bacchus, a shock—an electrical murmur ran through the whole theatre. Now, there was no mistaking this; admiration alone did not produce such an universal movement. The Venus of Medici, or even the Antinous, would not raise any feeling of the kind. In this instance it was stupor, public delicacy offended, a manifestation of revolted instinct at this bold and violent innovation. If any thing could add to the impropriety of such a spectacle, it was to see mythological and erotic subjects mingled with reminiscences of the Bible and sacred histories. In England, I feel assured, this profaning amalgamation would not be tolerated at all; and if the deserted Ariadne, or one of the three Graces, who just now exhibited the most voluptuous poses, returned under the costume of Eve or Mary Magdalen, most probably the public would render summary and ample justice. Here we are so thoroughly used to depend upon police regulations for the censure of plays, and the propriety of the spectacles offered to public gaze, that if they authorised, as in '94 and '95, the public celebration of the ceremonies of the theo-philanthropic worship, we should not feel scandalised at the sight.

Indeed many stories are afloat, more or less correct in point of veracity, though not of morality, on the abuse which certain *viveurs*, backed by their wealth, have made of these *tableaux vivants*, and of the private exhibitions of these plastic professors.

To-night the *Italiens* give the first representation of a new opera (*La Fidanziata Corsica*), in which Mario and Mlle. Persiani take the principal parts. I will give you some details about it in my next letter.

The Duchess of Montpensier has been the lioness of the week. Crowds rush when her gracious presence is expected. The legitimist journals en-

deavour to counteract the effect produced by the Spanish marriage, by publishing with affection all that relates to the nuptials of the Comte de Chambord (Duc de Bordeaux) with the Princess of Modena. But our times are so prosaic that people merely inquire after the figure of each dowry; and as the Italian princess, to whom rumour had ascribed a fortune of 4,000,000*l.* does not in reality possess one tenth part of that sum, her popularity wanes and almost vanishes before the Spanish heiress. *O Rome vénale!* as Jugurtha used to say.

GERMANY.

[From our Correspondent.]

A CONSERVATORY for music is to be forthwith established at Munich, intended principally for forming singers for the church, for concerts, and for the theatre; but which, also, will afford to all an opportunity of obtaining thorough instruction in the other branches of music. The conservatory is to be placed under the immediate direction of the Minister of the Interior. Besides the elements of music, the science of harmony, and the analysis of classical works, the pupils will occupy themselves with the history of music, with æsthetic and acoustics. The practical instruction comprises chorus and solo singing, lessons on different instruments, as piano, organ, &c.; instruction in declamation, and in the Italian language. Three years is the time fixed for the students to attend the classes; but, if required, a scholar will be permitted to remain after the expiration of this period. The whole of the fees amount to forty florins (3*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.*) annually. The lectures comprise all branches of music, whether considered as science or as an art. Pupils not to be admitted to the lower classes who are under ten years of age; nor to the higher ones unless the eighteenth birthday (in cases of females the sixteenth) has been passed.

Mrs. Acton, the (German) wife of an Englishman resident at Berlin, and whose flagrant breach of propriety made it necessary for the authorities to order her to quit the town, has just published a work entitled *My Emancipation, and Expulsion from Berlin*.

The magnificent shield which the King of Prussia has destined as a present for his godson, the Prince of Wales, is now almost completed; and will therefore be soon forwarded to its destination. The design is after a drawing of Cornelius, the model was made by the sculptor Fischer, and the whole has been chiselled with great skill by M. Mertens; and may bear comparison with the great works of the old masters in this particular department of art.

The historical and landscape painter, Lessing of Dusseldorf, has finally given a decisive answer to the directors of the Städel-ische Institut, at Frankfurt. He declines their offers; and remains at Dusseldorf, to the great satisfaction of all the artists there. There are two very fine pictures of his in the Frankfurt Gallery, "Sir Ezzelin" and "John Huss;" besides several landscapes, in the possession of private individuals resident in the town, and which some years ago we had the good fortune to see collected together for the purpose of exhibition.

A hitherto unknown picture of Rubens has just been discovered at Elberfeldt. This work, "The Crucifixion," came into Germany at the time of the French emigration, and afterwards fell into the hands of a Jew dealer, who, unconscious of its worth, sold it to a Dutch family for a very inconsiderable sum. At a sale of their effects, it was purchased by Mr. Jacob Jäger, of Elberfeldt; and has since been pronounced by the first artists of the Dusseldorf school to be one of the best works of the above-named celebrated painter. The picture is in good preservation; is 42 inches high, and 50 long, and contains seventeen figures.

The works of Laman Blanchard have just found a translator in Germany, and have been presented to the public in a neat and cheap edition.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

CHARTERHOUSE-SQUARE INFIRMARY, &c.

THE Auxiliary Society in aid of this excellent charity has published a Report of its last anniversary, which we could wish to be in every humane hand, and before every thinking mind and benevolent heart in the empire. It is not only locally and peculiarly good in itself, but it is nationally and universally great in the way of example. It exhibits and teaches the important lesson, that where the lower orders are rightly befriended, *there the lower orders will be rightly grateful*. At the period of the meeting, in July, which it afforded us much gratification (as on former occasions) to attend, we gave a brief account of the proceedings (*Lit. Gaz.* No. 1540, page 672), now very accurately published at length; and from which will be seen how justly encomiums on these "artisans," nearly two hundred in number, and their most laudable association, were bestowed. Readers will be struck by the ability and intelligence displayed by such of their body as addressed the chair; and we think far too highly of them all and the sentiments they expressed as much by attention and looks as by speech, to offer a word of praise on the general conduct and character of the numerous party, which must have been witnessed to be appreciated. To be well-behaved and orderly might be expected from those who were assembled: 1. to shew their thankfulness for what had been done for them; and 2. to extend, as their means allowed, similar assistance to fellow sufferers, and enable them to experience similar benefits. Freedom from pain; health; the restoration of strength; the spirit with the will to toil; home comforts; the smiles instead of the tears of those dear, and the hopes and not the terrors of those dependent upon them—such were the pictures they drew of themselves, and such were the blessings it was the object of their associating together and of this annual festival to diffuse into a wider sphere. The decorum in manners, and the fervour in gratitude and purpose, offered a very delightful study to the philanthropist. And how came this? Simply because men in humble stations had been treated as men and brethren by their fellow-creatures of superior ranks and better fortunes. They had endured no humiliations; they had been goaded by no wordy preacher or scribbling promiser, derelict of a single act to do them a service; they had met with compassion and sympathy and tenderness and skill—the last to alleviate their physical afflictions, the former to do yet more in binding them to their kind with indissoluble ties of regard and affection implanted in their inmost souls. Be it believed that the mode is more potent than the measure of benefits conferred. Well was this evinced by the useful and humble individuals with whom we had the pleasure to sit in July. Their fare was plain, substantial, and wholesome; and their potations moderate, temperate; but we would not compare or exchange the enjoyments of the day with aught that Ude or Soyer could put upon the table, with the adjuncts of the most costly wines to boot, and the consequent (too often) hollow compliments and outrageous flattery which flow in floods of glib oratory from practised and eloquent lips. We like the honest *Thank you* better than the subscription to a letter *Your much obliged and most obedient humble servant*: there may be, and frequently is, truth in the one; the other is a mere form, with which truth has nothing to do. Therefore do we congratulate this Auxiliary Society on its establishment and progress; and we feel assured that the Parent Charity which can deserve and produce such an offshoot must prosper. It is already nobly supported; and it only needs to have its merits more generally known to attain a still larger share of public feeling and munificence. God knows that the distresses it applies itself to solace or cure are widely enough spread.

THE DRAMA.

Drury Lane.—On Monday a new ballet, the *Betty of Paris*, translated into the *Wags of Wapping* for

London, presented Mlle. Sophie Fuoco to English spectators as the heroine of the scene. *Betty* is the daughter of *Copp* (poor Fawcett's fine character in the drama we knew); but in modern days as pictures are literature, so are dances dramatic dialogue, and expressions;—the toes instead of the tongue. The new dancer is an exceedingly agile and clever one, with several steps not inferior in execution to the most flexible limbed of her sisterhood. She was received with immense applause, and (as the usage is) nearly made, not a Jack, but a Sophie in the green with *bouquets* when she finished her task.

Haymarket.—On Monday Mr. Lester from Manchester made his bow to a London audience in Mr. C. Mathew's part of *Vincenzo d'Estella* in the *Little Devil*. With good features and person, and gentlemanly demeanour, as well as an apparently thorough acquaintance with the stage, the *débütant* is an acquisition to the metropolitan boards, in a line not over-filled. Some provincial redundancies retrenched, such as a proneness to the show of white teeth, and to grimace, Mr. Lester will take his station in the competency of a good comic company, and in characters essential to the success of a wide circle of dramatic pieces. The excitement of a first appearance, engendering a desire to do his utmost, probably led to that want of repose, without which, acting is a struggle, and not an art. Miss P. Horton, as heretofore, was all that could be wished in *Nicolo Angeli*: naïve in action, and charming in song.

Princess's.—An annoying public evil has grown up to so monstrous a pitch in regard to theatrical performances, as announced in playbills, that we wonder the concoctors of these documents do not perceive the folly of persevering in their indiscriminating and outrageous puffery, which they are well aware is, in nine cases out of ten, absolutely false. We do not apply the remark exclusively to the *Princess's*; but we would suggest, upon the bill of that theatre, now before us, whether the management is likely to derive most benefit or injury from applying the same measure of grandiloquent panegyric upon the really excellent and deserving opera of the *Night Dancers* and the really very indifferent and unsuccessful representation of *Richard the Third*? Persons who witnessed the latter would, of course, suppose that the rapacious applause, &c. &c., asserted with respect to the former was equally unfounded, and abstain from going to see it; and, indeed, we know hundreds of instances where play-goers, disgusted at being hoaxed and disappointed in this manner by ridiculous falsehoods, have refrained from indulging in their favourite amusement, because they would not be tricked and deceived again. Another observation we have reluctantly to make on this subject is, that the delusion is very materially propped up and increased through the medium of the newspapers, in which it is rare to find a fair and impartial critique, or even a genuine statement of facts. A Manchester journal has just been shewn up (drolly enough) for criticisms on a performance which did not happen to be acted as advertised; but our provincial visor of invisible scenes and actors might retort a little on some of his London contemporaries in the same line of business. They may not go quite the length of animadverting on pieces not played, and performers who could not consequently have appeared in the characters assigned to them; but they are desperately able at perverting both what was done, and the parties by whom. By such means, and houses stuffed with friends and partisans, to overbear the public voice, the public is misled; and it is only by the system renewing humbug after humbug with similar effect, where there are millions of population to be successfully "done," that the egregious farce is carried on from year to year with any degree of success at all. On Wednesday, Mr. J. R. Scott, the *Sir Giles Overreach* and *Rob Roy* of preceding evenings, essayed the more trying test of the crookbacked *Richard*. Mr.

Scott is of the robustious size,—that is to say, of physical dimensions,—likely to supply force enough for any towering height of declamation; and as he is addicted to the tearing of passions all to tatters, this constitutional power is a misfortune to him. His *Richard* was throughout conventional; the stage *Richard* of a century and more. Some of the points he delivered with propriety and feeling; but in a moment the juxtaposition of rant spoilt them utterly. He not only outrodded the elder Kean, but he outstarted, outstrutted, and outbawled the living proprietor of that name. He moved a mass of some talent, but altogether failed in the personation of *Richard III.*

Olympic.—A new play, called a Comedy, and that comedy farther called *Life*, has been done here; and though its first utterance shewed that it must be a very short *Life*, it has been performed since to the manager's tune of "Life let us cherish." It is announced to be from the pen of a Mr. Palmer, but *ars longa vita brevis*; i. e. it is a long way off from dramatic art, and cannot live!

St. James's.—The French plays have begun with the spirit we anticipated from Mr. Mitchell's programme, and appear to be patronised accordingly. Every night the entertainments have been varied, and Mlle. Brohan has exhibited her sprightly talent to great advantage in several characters, admirably fitted to call them forth. The other parts have been well played almost without exception.

Mr. Lover in America.—We rejoice to see by the last American papers that Mr. Lover's career in that country continues to be, literally, a triumph. Invitations from Pittsburgh, Cincinnati, and other parts of the union promise him cordial receptions; and where he has already gone his public appearances have been greeted with the warmest applause, and his private estimation acknowledged in the most flattering manner. At Boston a complimentary dinner was given to him, from the Report of which we gather that it was a most convivial and joyous scene. Mr. Everett (lately minister to the English government), though unable to attend, wrote a letter speaking highly of the "estimable personal qualities" and "rare talent" of their guest, with which he had become acquainted during his residence in London. Among the *jeux d'esprit* (for any account of the oratory and music which enlivened the treat would be too much for us on this side of the water), we find the following, both *apropos* and characteristic:

"TO SAMUEL LOVER.

By One of the *B'hoys*.

How cruel to cut short your fun

Just as you're in the height of it,—

So short your 'evening,' when it's done

All wish you'd make a night of it."

The dinner company kept it up till the small hour of morn.*

JENNY LIND.†

WE have at last had the rare pleasure of hearing Jenny Lind. Desirous as we were of doing so, we were, we must confess, quite as anxious to "see" her; for, from all we had heard, we were sure that her conception of each part she filled, as well as her manner of giving it, would be quite original; our surpassing love for what is essentially dramatic exercising, no doubt, its influence over us on this occasion. We heard her for the first time at a concert given at the Odeon,

* Whilst our accomplished artist is delighting the New World, we lament to state that a heavy domestic calamity has befallen him at home. Lucy, his wife, died in Baker Street, Portman Square, on Tuesday morning. Mrs. Lover had been long in very declining health; but so speedy a termination was totally unexpected; and the shock must be great to her husband, in a distant land, in the full excitement of popularity and a prosperous career, to learn that the partner of his past life is gone, and his two amiable and gifted daughters left, for a season, without a parent to protect them. Fortunately for him and them, however, there is no want of true friends to advise and comfort them.—*Ed. L. G.*

† From our German correspondent.

at Munich, by the members of the Royal Chapel. We pass over the symphonia of Beethoven with which the concert began, and which was given in so masterly a manner that nothing was left to wish for, in order to come at once to the subject of these remarks. Jenny Lind appears: and at the same moment, throughout the crowded room, there rises a long-continued loudly-reverberating welcome. She curtsies to the audience; again a second time. The thundering welcome rather increases than seems about to end. Again she advances, and curtsies to the royal visitors and to the public. But this time her reverence is not like the preceding ones: her whole being is full of expression; simple, natural, feminine, and maidenly. Her head is bent more downwards than before; her hands are now raised higher, and are nearer to her bosom; while her arms, you see, are close, quite close, to her body. Her whole person is, so to say, more "compressed" than before; there is, however, no studied position; none of the usual vulgar theatrical trickery on such occasions, nor affected embarrassment or studied behaviour. But her whole person, as she bends in acknowledgment of the greeting, is speaking. She seems to wish to withdraw from such unbounded applause; over her whole figure is an air of genuine humility, that says, more convincingly than words could have done, "This is more than I deserve,—far more than I should receive; I really do not merit such applause as this!"

At last all was silent; and she began to sing. The piece chosen was an air from *Figaro's Hochzeit*. It was sung in a faultless manner; evincing a thorough knowledge of music, and displaying a perfect mastery over the voice. Every note was perfect; and the most difficult and trying passages were sung with that apparent ease which it is so agreeable for an audience to find in the performer. Her high notes are wonderfully clear; we, for our parts, have only heard one person's that resembled them, and that person was Mlle. Sontag. But it is true we have not heard many great singers. Faultlessly as Jenny Lind sang this air, leaving absolutely nothing to be desired, we still felt that there might be others who could sing it as well: we felt no astonishment—we were not lost in wonder and delight at what we heard. As she advanced to sing, her countenance was grave; but it is her manner, her appearance as she stands before you that we would wish to portray, and which we find so difficult, nay impossible, to do; for we hardly know from what outward visible causes the effect produced upon us arises. We say "outward" causes, because about the more hidden ones we are pretty sure. Her moral conduct has been blameless; as a daughter and a sister every act has been exemplary; and every woman with a pure mind bears, unconsciously, round her outward self a halo, the reflection of the unsullied lustre that is within. And in Jenny Lind, as she stands there before you on the tribune, in the very manner in which she holds the music from which she sings—in her whole attitude, is a something chaste and maidenly which one cannot but feel, though it is difficult to express the feeling in words. And on the stage, let the part be what it may, it is the same. We have laid great stress, and purposely so, on the impression which her appearance produces, on account of the causes to which she owes her power; for let an actor be as accomplished as he may, there are certain passions which he, and still less an actress, will never be able to give properly, if his own moral character be below that of the person he has to represent. Art will not, can not, do all, if the natural moral sentiment which enables us to appreciate the beautiful be wanting.

When Jenny Lind re-appeared, it was to sing her own national airs. This time how different she looks! Observe her: how pleased she seems, how glad and radiant her countenance! She seems impatient to begin, and smiles as in anticipation of the delight she is about to give. You suddenly

hear a burst
ever heard
"First it is
Uncertain
And then
Plaintive
As with
Of strange

Hark, now
and listen
the rocks
flinter now
far away; a
re-echoing
yellow clear
is buoyancy
song in itself
And that fa-
tiful, anima-
with smiles

For ourse
are therefor
what we hear
Lind's sing-
higher tone
are; and al-
longing the
unwavering
still listen,
whether it is
which occur
voice has ac-
she no long
it is almost
when she re-
cate steady
so very fine
echo.

Two days
the little o-
it is said t
advantage,
other—in
wonderlirr-
respect, her
so entirely
any thing
commonpla
had never
spoiled chi-
ing among
to display
behaviour
manner du-
pice. In si-
simple-hea-
her purity
nate delic-
right, and
evil. You
power over
of her fair,
them; and
the charac-
them their
manners.

must noti-
gave the d-
he escapes
turns to h-
"Er liebt
a depth of
ber to hav-
from her
lovely to h-
almost too
upon her
towards h-
her arms
chest, as i-
that else r-
was very
proached

hear a burst of melody, certainly unlike any you ever heard before.

"First it is high, and tremulous, and wild, uncertain, changeful, and with sudden breaks; and then is heard a deep tone, calm and mild, plaintive and sorrowful: and then it wakes, as with a start, into long thrilling shakes of strange delight and joy."²⁴

Hark, now, to that shout from the mountains, and listen to its echo as it comes rebounding from the rocks! Again a shout, and again an echo; but fainter now. Another, and now another, but far, far away; and this time you just catch the voice re-echoing in the distance,—faintly, but with marvellous clearness. Anew the song is heard in all its buoyancy and freshness; and a laugh, that is a song in itself, tells of a light heart and happiness. And that face, too! Why, now you find it beautiful, animated and radiant, and lit up as it is with smiles!

For ourselves, we know not a note of music, and are therefore unable to give a critical account of what we heard. But what struck us most in Jenny Lind's singing was, the beautiful clearness of the higher tones, so full and sweetly musical as they are; and also the wonderful power she has of prolonging the very faintest sound, clear, distinct, and unwavering; it floats through the air, and you listen, still listen, uncertain whether you hear it, or whether it has ceased to be. It is this, no doubt, which occasioned some one to tell us that "her voice has an echo, and that you hear it even when she no longer sings." The thing is, at such times it is almost impossible to tell the precise moment when she really does no longer sing; for the delicate steady tone thus "long drawn out," is so fine, so very fine, it might well be mistaken for a faint echo.

Two days after the concert, Jenny Lind sang in the little opera *Die Regiments Tochter*. Although it is said that in this piece she is seen to most advantage, we had preferred seeing her in some other—in *Norma*, for example, or in the *Nacht-wandlerinn*. Insignificant as the opera is in every respect, her way of giving the part of *Marie* was so entirely original, and with such an absence of any thing approaching even to what is vulgar or commonplace, that it obtained an importance it had never done before. She was not the wayward, spoiled child with coquettish air, acquired by living among men who admired every whim she chose to display: there was nothing masculine in her behaviour or in her walk; nothing pert in her manner during her little friendly quarrel with *Sulpice*. In short, she idealised her part. She was a simple-hearted maiden, walking "in the pride of her purity" among coarse men, with a native, innate delicacy—almost an instinct—which led her right, and preserved her from even the breath of evil. You saw that she had exercised a softening power over her ruder comrades; that the influence of her fair, her higher nature had descended upon them; and not that she, as we had hitherto seen the character represented, had contracted from them their mode of thought and their less gentle manners. Without going into particular detail, we must notice the exquisite manner in which she gave the duet between her lover and herself, when he escapes from the hands of the soldiers, and returns to her, and tells her of his love. The words "*Er liebt mich!*" were uttered with a sweetness and a depth of feeling unlike any thing we ever remember to have heard. She stood at some distance from her lover, and repeated the joyous words lowly to herself, as though the happiness were almost too great to bear. Her hands were clasped upon her bosom; her head and eyes were raised towards heaven; and in her fervour she pressed her arms and elbows almost convulsively upon her chest, as if to check the throbbings of her heart, that else might burst in its immeasurable joy. It was very touching. And when she afterwards approached him, there was a virgin coyness in her

manner; she did not fling herself into his arms, but, with his hand in hers, rested her face upon his shoulder. The Regiment's favourite song, which comes later, she executed with a fire and *bravura* which took every body by surprise, and elicited a loud burst of admiration. The scene in act ii., where she is singing with her aunt, was a masterpiece both in song and acting. She is now in a castle; her rich dress sits gracefully upon her; her manners are easy; and as there was no awkwardness in her before, so there is none now. The curtsy to her aunt, as she receives the music from her hand, was in perfect keeping with the cold respect she is obliged to shew her. When the curtain fell, flowers and garlands were showered upon the stage, on one of which a costly bracelet was attached.

Rejoice, Mr. Editor, that I was forced to leave Munich on the following morning, and was thus prevented from seeing Jenny Lind in her other characters. But for this, you would doubtless have had a whole *Literary Gazette* filled with her praises, to the exclusion of "Reviews," "Fine Arts," "Learned Societies," "Men and Manners," and the many other matters that fill its pages,—not excepting even the advertisements themselves.

MUSIC.

The Singing-Book: the Art of Singing at Sight taught by Progressive Exercises. By James Turle, Organist of Westminster Abbey; and Edward Taylor, Gresham Professor of Music. Pp. 228. London, D. Bogue.

ONE of the best books of the kind that have been published for some time: not only may singing be learnt from it, but much that is of service to the young pianoforte-player.

The Society of British Musicians held their second concert on Monday evening. In the vocal science a Miss Duval gave evidence of a fine and promising contralto; and Mr. Howard Glover (a son of our admirable comedian) produced an anacreontic of great merit, which was well sung by Mr. W. H. Seguin. Altogether, the report of the compositions and performances, both instrumental and vocal, is highly favourable to the efforts of this British School or Association.

BIOGRAPHY [neglected].

CHARLOTTE TIDSWELL (*alias* CH. PORTER ABBOTT) DIED at (Filby's) Little Chelsea, on the 3d of September, at the advanced age of eighty-seven, and was buried in the West London Cemetery close by. She was born at Barnes, the daughter of an officer, who sent her to be educated in France, but ultimately left her and the rest of his family destitute. As the means of obtaining a livelihood she adopted the *profession*; and being recommended to Drury Lane, without any undue vanity respecting her own powers, she chose the part of *Leonora*, in the *Mourning Bride*, for her *début*, which took place on the 24th of January, 1783. Two sisters survive her; married to persons named Francis and Wilson. When Miss Mellon first came to London, Miss Tidswell lodged in Little Russell Street, Covent Garden; and Mr. and Mrs. Mellon and daughter occupied the floor above. A close intimacy naturally ensued, and in later years, when a wonderful change was wrought in their destinies, the Duchess allowed 20*l.* a year to her quondam humble friend, which she paid her during her own life, and secured by her will. This, with about 50*l.* a year from the Drury-Lane Fund, and a Government annuity of about 30*l.*, made the whole of Miss Tidswell's means of support, and enabled her to live without discomfort. For the last year or two she was chiefly confined to bed; and latterly was incapable of exercise or enjoyment of any kind, and died without suffering or consciousness of her own situation. Those whose dramatic tastes and length of years enable them to remember and appreciate the best days of the English stage will

recollect, not without a feeling of interest and esteem, the steady constancy of Miss T.'s professional duties; and the appropriate character with which she invested the parts allotted to her, without ever overstepping the bounds of modesty, or aiming at any thing beyond correctness and propriety. She seemed as essential to the staff of old English comedy as the more prominent actors; and perhaps went through her business nearly as well.

She quitted the stage May 21st, 1822, after an undisputed reign of forty years in her useful sphere. Much was said, at the time of Edmund Kean's meteoric dramatic course, of the intimacy, and, as some said, near relationship, between him and the subject of this memoir, and it was strongly suspected she had given him birth; such, however, was not the case. She had exercised a personal superintendence of him in childhood, an office of solicitude and anxiety, from the circumstance of his having been a weak and rickety child, rendering needful the use of irons for his lower limbs, which she has been heard to say she provided for him, and with a mother's care and watchfulness applied. In connexion with this report was one that pointed at a personal intimacy between Miss T. and the Duke of Norfolk of her day, of which Kean was said to have been the issue. But the Duke, on being one day asked why he did not acknowledge his own son, is reported to have replied, "I wish I had the right to do so, and I should be proud of the acknowledgment." This Miss T. has been heard to relate; as also the following anecdote. On some occasion, owing to the sudden illness of a performer, she was, in the emergency, unavoidably called on to undertake the part of the Queen in *Hamlet*; and, to use her own words, "the part was so much above my line, that in the ghost-scene my confusion was so great, that I lost all self-possession; and Mr. Kemble most kindly prompted me with the words through the whole scene." The true version of the Kean story we believe to be, that the report of his being a son of hers arose from his having run off to sea, and on his return not being able to find his father, who was a tailor in Castle Street, or his mother, who was the daughter of Saville Carey the lecturer, he then went to his uncle, Moses Kean, the well-known ventriloquist, who, with Miss Tidswell, supported him; and the latter, after his uncle's death, sent him to school. She took, as we have stated, her farewell of the stage on Tuesday, May 21st, 1822,* and before the curtain dropt, Kean went to the prompt side and led her on to the stage, where she spoke a few lines written by Knight, which nearly overpowered her.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

WINTER'S PETITION.

DEAR Mr. Editor, pray do assist
Me, Winter, servant to the master, Time:
Persuade, I beg, your brothers to desist
From printing e'en the smallest scrap of rhyme
That says a word about my "hoary head,"
My "frosty beard," "keen breath," or "icy vest"—
That talks of "flowers, like young hopes, now dead,"
Or whines about the "sunshine of the breast;"
For fifty pens are ink-charged to abuse me,
And fifty brains are straining their invention
To flatter, which is worse than to ill-use me,
And both almost too sickening to mention.
And if you do prevail, sweet Mr. Editor,
And I see fewer "Lines" to me addressed,
I ever shall consider you my creditor;
And rheums or colds shall never break your rest;
As for your poet, rhymers, and verse-maker,
I'll plant a chubbin on his every toe,
I'll rack him with lumbago, the bone-breaker,
Till he shall neither sit, nor stand, nor go.
I'll ice his marrow, and—but I'll not say
What I will do, but leave the brutes to try me;
And I expect they'll not forget the day
When with a goose-quill they dared to defy me.
November. G. F. FRANCIS.

* On which occasion Kean made his first appearance as *Don Felix* in the *Wonder*; after which there was a concert, in which Sig. Ambrogetti and Mr. Braham volunteered their services; and the entertainment concluded with the *Lock and Key*.

* From an unpublished poem.

THE SNOW.*

How beautiful is Nature in lily-white array,
Like a snowy-vested virgin deck'd for the bridal day!
How rosy she blushes and melts in tears of light
When the sun-beam's fiery glances pierce through her
veil of white!
The voiceless snow! How softly she steps upon the earth!
Surely that fairy foot-fall in Fairyland had birth!
Soundless, but not printless, those feet, light as the wind,
Wherever they have rested, leave magic marks behind!
The feather-footed sylphid! What loveliness she brings
Where'er she waves her white wand and spreads her flaky
wings!
She turns the green-sward meadow into a milky way,
Where a thousand starring spangles reflect the moonlight
ray
So brightly, that our eyes, while from earth to heaven
they rove,
Doubt which world's more enchanting, around us or above!
An Alp she makes each mountain, each dell an ivory chalice,
Each tree a pearly column of Oberon's winter-palace!
Each plain a velvet carpet, whiter than Jano's pair
Of spotless swans; each hedgerow a wall of crystals rare;
Each ice'd cascade a terrace, whose dazzling diamond-
shelves
Seem made for the night-dances of Titania and her elves!
Such are the scenes of wonder the snow, sweet sylphid,
brings
Where'er she waves her elf-wand and spreads her flaky
wings!
All alabaster beauty! A world so white and fair,
To look on't, who would fancy black deeds, dark woes
are there!
ELEANOR DARBY.

VARIETIES.

Lord Rector of Glasgow.—At the election on Monday, the only candidates proposed were Mr. Wordsworth and Lord John Russell; and the votes were

	Wordsworth.	Russell.
In Natione Glottiana . . .	81	71
" Rothseiana . . .	82	60
" Transforthiana . . .	28	30
" Londoniana . . .	29	32
	211	193

Two nations for each; but on the whole a majority of eighteen individuals for the poet. The decision, however, rests with "nations" not with numbers; and when there is an equality, as in the present instance, the preceding rector, or the vice-rector appointed by him, has the casting vote, which Dr. Nichol, Prof. of Astronomy, the nominee of Mr. Rutherford, Lord Advocate of Scotland, gave in favour of Lord John Russell. It is anticipated, with great probability, that the Premier will not avail himself of this *Nichollitana*, but allow the honour to descend on the silvered head of the Bard. His lordship can well afford to bide his own time.

Sewerage of London.—Mr. Obbard, at a meeting of Farringdon Ward on Wednesday, stated that there were fifty miles of sewerage in the City of London.

Lord Nelson's Sword.—A sword, purporting to be Lord Nelson's (and at first declared to be the identical sword worn by him at the battle of Trafalgar, but has since diminished into "might have been?") has been the subject of much newspaper discussion on being presented as a relic of the hero to Greenwich Hospital. Its vouching seems to be very doubtful.

The Irish Society held its first conversazione for the season, on Thursday evening, at its rooms in Suffolk Street, which was fully attended. Dr. Ryan gave a lecture on the potato disease, which he attributed to atmospheric effects, and believed would be of transient duration.

Paris University.—A royal ordinance announces the establishment of two new professorships in this University: 1. of astronomy, to which M. Le Verrier is appointed, and 2. of geometry, to be held by M. Charles.

Thomas Moore, the Poet, has been made a subject of general anxiety by a statement in a French paper, copied into the English press, of his being seriously ill in Ireland. We rejoice to say there is no foundation for this report, and that the bard is in the best health at his cottage in Wiltshire. We believe he has recently put the finishing hand to his Irish History; and enjoyed the relief from literary labour with his noble friend the Marquess of Lansdowne at Bowood.

* From "Songs of Winter."

Gun-Cotton.—The King of Prussia has issued a decree extending all the safeguards for the manufacture, keeping, and selling of gunpowder to this new explosive material.—Prof. Schönbein, in a letter to the *Times*, denies the identity of the xyloidine of M. Pelouze with his gun-cotton, as believed by some chemists and as stated in the Academy of Sciences at Paris. The difference between them, he says, will be made known at the proper time. Until then, also, we may here remark, the several experiments and their results that have been made public can be received only as the performances and effects of certain explosive materials, concocted by sundry individuals, and not as proofs of the properties or capabilities of the gun-cotton. It is only fair to Professor Schönbein to repress prejudice as to the practical, independently of the scientific, value of his invention until authorised accounts of its constituents be made known, or until the real gun-cotton be tested.

M. Le Verrier.—The Royal Academy of Bordeaux have nominated Le Verrier "un Associé Correspondant."

Ascent of the Niger.—Unfavourable intelligence has been received of the *Ethiopia* steamer, and of the consequent relinquishment of her attempt to re-ascent the Niger, which must prove a heavy blow and great discouragement to Mr. Robert Jamieson, who has worked long and made large pecuniary sacrifices for the accomplishment of this important object. Mr. Jamieson, in a circular addressed to the gentlemen who aided him in fitting out the last expedition, states that he has received from Captain Becroft and Dr. King the information that, when the steamer was upon the Gaboon river, her boilers suddenly gave way, and that, although the engineer succeeded in repairing them so as to complete the exploration of that river, they afterwards burst so frequently as to render it altogether unsafe to hazard another ascent of the Niger with them. The vessel has accordingly been laid up at Fernando Po, under the care of Captain Becroft, and Dr. King is on his way to England. The Gaboon River was found to be of no importance as a highway to the interior, not being navigable further than the tide ascended, that is, to the extent of fifty or sixty miles.—*Manchester Examiner.*

Opening of Runic Barrows in Sweden.—The Crown Prince has lately directed several of the Runic barrows, or "giants' graves," in the neighbourhood of Old Upsala to be opened at his cost. Odin's hill was the first, when clear proofs were found that the hill was not formed by nature, but by human hands; although the urn, with the bones of the individual inhumed therein, and which in all probability is in the centre of the hill, was not found. A hearth, formed of extraordinarily large bricks, was first discovered in the interior; and at a distance of about twenty-three yards a strong wall of large pieces of granite, resting on a solid floor made of clay: the wall formed the corner of a large grotto of from four to nine feet in height. There were ashes and other traces of fire. Unfortunately the advanced period of the year has for the present interrupted the works; but they are to be resumed in the summer.—*Stockholm Paper.*

Varieties From Ireland. *Miss-fitting.*—A Dublin tailor, advertising that he has devoted his energies solely to the shaping out of "unmentionables," under the head of trousers, concludes with: "*Ladies and Gentlemen*" who will entrust him with their orders, shall meet with a good fit, promptness, and punctuality." Of course those ladies who wear the articles will patronise him.

Several of the Irish poor-law unions, advertising for tenders for contracts for the supply of the work-houses, specify the wants of the poor in this odd juxtaposition:

Drugs at . . .	per lb.
Oak Coffins at . . .	per ft.
Beef at . . .	per lb.
Indian Meal at . . .	per ton.

A medical man advertises the sale of his carriage; he calls it, not inappropriately, a *Pill*-enthusm: it

is surprising he did not add a pair of *Black-Draught* Horses.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

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[This table shows the time which a clock or watch should indicate when the sun is on the meridian.]

1846.	h. m. s.	1846.	h. m. s.
Nov. 21 . . .	11 46 25	Nov. 21 . . .	11 47 24
22 . . .	46 18 2	22 . . .	47 26 6
23 . . .	46 34 7	23 . . .	47 28 1
24 . . .	46 51 9		

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We acknowledge samples of Mr. Stocken's envelopes, which appear to be well adapted to their proposed end. Also Mr. MINASI's appeal. The *Literary Gazette*, as well as the *Times*, noticed his strong claims to public sympathy; and as we have often described his fine talent in pen and ink drawing, we trust no more need be said to recommend the old man to success in his effort to be elected on the National Benevolent Institution.

"Peter Jones" is an ingenious correspondent, and his ingenuity merits our acknowledgment of the three lozenges and two pills he has been good enough to send us.

Beech and birch were accidentally transposed in our article "Water in Wood," last week. It is beech in all states that naturally dries in eighteen months. And birch and elm should have been classed together.

ERRATA.—From the erroneous insertion of a comma (so slight are the mistakes which entirely alter sense in printing), our readers of last No. might not clearly comprehend the nature of the mistake, in the heading of Sir S. Luke's letter, p. 967, col. 3, quoted from Sir H. Ellis, and commented upon by us in a manner which might explain the fact. It should be "Sir Samuel Luke to — (blank), Aulicus wounded;" not "to — Aulicus, wounded," which is nonsense. The editorial blunder consists in writing down the name of a Newspaper as the name of an individual. In line 14 below the letter, for "bore read" "sore;" and in the Archeological report: P. 970, col. 1, l. 33, for "Buckitt" read "Burkitt," "Hettieswell" — "Hottuswell" — "Shotky" — "Purdue," col. 3, in the — "Purdue" — "Purdue." Last line of report — "Purdue" — "Purdue." Page 970, col. 1, line 11, for 76 feet 6 inches wide (a passage in a newly discovered Roman villa) read 7 feet 6 inches.

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